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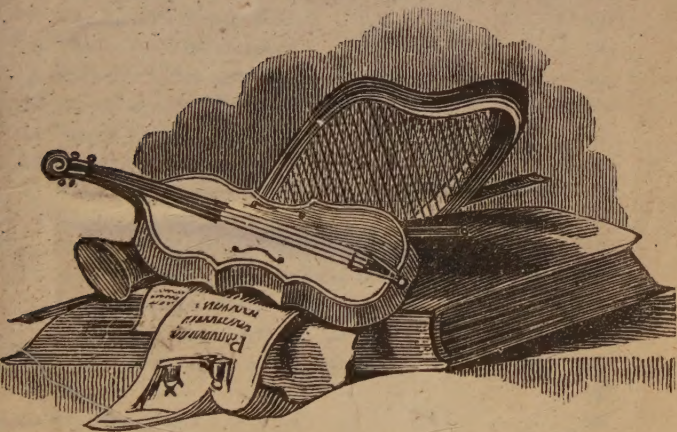
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OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,
WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;
COLLECTED FROM RARE COPIES AND MSS.
BY THOMAS EVANS.

A NEW EDITION,
REVISED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED FROM PUBLIC AND
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R. H. EVANS.

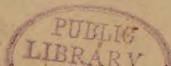
IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. IV.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. H. EVANS, PALL-MALL,
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1810.



OLD-BALLADS

HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE

WITH A NEW EDITION

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A NEW EDITION

BY THE AUTHOR

41187
1582

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR E. H. KNEELAND, FINE-ARTS

BY J. BARNARD, 10, COVENTRY STREET, LONDON.

1810

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FEB 9 1882
CHICAGO

EVANS'S COLLECTION
OF
OLD BALLADS.

I.

TOM THUMB.

IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the Table Round
And eke a doughty knight.

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span,
Then think you not this little knight,
Was prov'd a valiant man ?

His father was a plough-man plain,
His mother milk'd the cow,
But yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how.

Until such time this good old man
To learned Merlin* goes,
And there to him his deep desires
In secret manner shows.

How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child in time to come,
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have.
And so this son of stature small,
The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape and being such,
That men should hear him speak, but not
His wandering shadow touch.

But so unseen to go or come
Whereas it pleased him still ;
Begot and born in half an hour
To fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,
That he became so tall
As was the ploughman's thumb in height,
And so they did him call

* Mr. Ellis has given a very entertaining history of this learned personage in the first volume of his *Metrical Romances*.

Tom Thumb, the which the fairy queen
 There gave him to his name,
 Who with her train of goblins grim,
 Unto his christning came.

Whereas she clothed him richly brave,
 In garments fine and fair,
 Which lasted him for many years
 In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
 His shirt a spider's web,
 Both light and soft for those his limbs
 That were so smally bred.

His hose and doublet thistle down,
 Together weav'd full fine,
 His stockings of an apple green,
 Made of the outward rind.

His garters were two little hairs,
 Pull'd from his mother's eye ;
 His boots and shoes a mouse's skin,
 There tann'd most curiously.

Thus like a lusty gallant he
 Adventured forth to go,
 With other children in the streets
 His pretty tricks to show.

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
When as most nimbly he
Would dive into their cherry bags
And there partaker be.

Unseen or felt by any one,
Until a scholar shut
This nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reveng'd, he took
(In mirth and pleasant game)
Black pots, and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sun-beam.

The other boys to do the like,
In pieces broke them quite ;
For which they were most soundly whipt,
Whereat he laugh'd outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was
From these his sports and play,
And by his mother after that
Compell'd at home to stay.

Whereas about a Christmas time,
 His father a hog had kill'd,
 And Tom would see the puddings made,
 For fear they should be spill'd.*

He sat upon the pudding bowl,
 The candle for to hold,
 Of which there is unto this day
 A pretty pastime told.

For Tom fell in, and could not be
 For ever after found,
 For in the blood and batter he
 Was strangely lost and drown'd.

Where searching long, but all in vain,
 His mother after that
 Into a pudding thrust her son,
 Instead of minced fat.

Which pudding of the largest size,
 Into the kettle thrown,
 Made all the rest to fly thereout,
 As with a whirlwind blown.

For so it tumbled up and down
 Within the liquor there,
 As if the devil had been boil'd,
 Such was his mother's fear.

* i. e. spoiled.

That up she took the pudding straight,
And gave it at the door
Unto a tinker which from thence
In his black budget bore.

But as the tinker climb'd a stile,
By chance he let a crack,
Now gip, old knave, out cried Tom Thumb,
'There hanging at his back.

At which the tinker gan to run,
And would no longer stay,
But cast both bag and pudding down,
And thence hied fast away.

From which Tom Thumb got loose at last,
And home return'd again,
Where he from following dangers long
In safety did remain.

Until such time his mother went
A milking of her kine,
Where Tom unto a thistle fast
She linked with a twine.

A thread that held him to the same,
For fear the blustering wind
Should blow him thence, that so she might
Her son in safety find.

But mark the hap—a cow came by,
And up the thistle eat.
Poor Tom withal, that, as a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

Who being miss'd, his mother went
Him calling every where,
Where art thou, Tom? where art thou, 'Tom?
Quoth he, here, mother, here :

Within the red cow's belly here,
Your son is swallowed up,
The which into her fearful heart
Most careful dolours put.

Mean while the cow was troubled much,
In this her tumbling womb,
And could not rest until that she
Had backward cast Tom Thumb.

Who all besmeared as he was,
His mother took him up,
To bear him hence, the which, poor lad,
She in her pocket put.

- Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plough,
And thereupon him gave.

A whip made of a barley straw,
To drive the cattle on :
Where in a furrow'd land new sown
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrion's beak
Even like a grain of corn.

Unto a giant's castle top,
In which he let him fall,
Where soon the giant swallowed up
His body, clothes and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumb
So great a rumble make,
That neither day nor night he could
The smallest quiet take,

Until the giant had him spued
Three miles into the sea,
Whereas a fish soon took him up,
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught,
And to king Arthur sent,
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent.

Long time in lively jollity,
 Belov'd of all the court,
 And none like Tom was then esteem'd
 Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
 His highness did command,
 That he should dance a galliard brave
 Upon his queen's left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
 The king his signet gave,
 Which Tom about the middle wore
 Long time a girdle brave.

Now after this the king would not
 Abroad for pleasure go,
 But still Tom Thumb must ride with him,
 Placed on his saddle-bow.

Where on a time when as it rain'd,
 Tom Thumb most nobly crept
 In at a button hole, where he
 Within his bosom slept.

And being near his highness heart,
 He crav'd a wealthy boon,
 A liberal gift, the which the king
 Commanded to be done.

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's being old ;
Which was so much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With three pence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbs to crack.

So travelling two days and nights,
With labour and great pain,
He came into the house whereas
His parents did remain.

Which was but half a mile in space
From good king Arthur's court,
The which in eight and forty hours
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had,
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron took
Her gentle son in haste,
And by the fire side, within
A walnut shell, him placed.

Whereas they feasted him three days
 Upon a hazle nut,
 Whereon he rioted so long
 He them to charges put.

And thereupon grew wondrous sick
 Through eating too much meat,
 Which was sufficient for a month
 For this great man to eat.

But now his business call'd him forth,
 King Arthur's court to see,
 Whereas no longer from the same
 He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,
 Which settled in the way,
 His long and weary journey forth
 Did hinder and so stay.

Until his careful father took
 A birding trunk in sport,
 And with one blast blew this his son
 Into king Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments
 Was entertained so,
 That all the best of Arthur's knights
 Did him much pleasure show.

As good Sir Launcelot of the Lake,*
 Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy,
 Yet none compar'd with brave Tom Thumb
 For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
 And for his lady's sake,
 A challenge in king Arthur's court
 Tom Thumb did bravely make.

Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
 Sir Chinon and the rest,
 Yet still Tom Thumb with matchless might
 Did bear away the best.

* The venerable Caxton becomes eloquent in the praise of these worthies; "O ye knyghtes of Englund where is the custome and vsage of noble chyualry that was vsed in tho dayes, what do ye now but go to the baynes and play at dyse. And some not well aduysed use not honest and good rule ageyn alle ordre of knighthode. Leue this, leue it and rede the noble volumes of saynt Graal, of Lancelot, of Galaad, of Trystram, of Perse Forest, of Percyual, of Gawayn, and many mo. There shalle ye see manhode curtosye, and gentlenesse." See the Book of the Ordre of Chyualry, 1484. And again, "O blessyd Lord, whan I remembre the grete and many volumes of seynt Graal, Ghalehot, and Launcelotte de Lake, Gawayne, Perceual, Lyonel, and Tristram, and many other of whom were ouer long to reherce, and also to me unknowen. But th' ystorye of the sayd Arthur is so glorious and shyning that he is stalled in the fyrst place of the mooste noble, beste, and worthiest of the cristen men." See Godefrey of Boloyne, 1481.

For the exploits of some of the above-mentioned worthies, the reader may consult Way's *Fabliaux*, Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, Ellis's work on the same subject, and Scot's edition of the Romance of Sir Tristrem.

At last Sir Lancelot of the Lake
 In manly sort came in,
 And with this stout and hardy knight
 A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all aghast,
 For there that valiant man
 Through Launcelot's steed, before them all,
 In nimble manner ran.

Yea, horse and all, with spear and shield,
 As hardly he was seen,
 But only by king Arthur's self
 And his admired queen.

Who from her finger took a ring,
 Through which Tom Thumb made way,
 Not touching it, in nimble sort,
 As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
 From his fair lady's head,
 Not hurting her whose even hand
 Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
 In Arthur's court there shown,
 As like in all the world beside
 Was hardly seen or known.

Now at these sports he toiled himself
That he a sickness took,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsook.

Where lying on his bed sore sick,
King Arthur's doctor came,
With cunning skill by physic's art,
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor took
A fine prospective glass, with which
He did in secrét look,

Into his sickened body down,
And therein saw that death
Stood ready in his wasted guts
To seize his vital breath.

His arms and legs consum'd as small
As was a spider's web,
Through which his dying hour grew on,
For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seen,
The loss of which renowned knight
Much griev'd the king and queen.

And so with peace and quietness
He left this earth below ;
And up into the fairy land
His ghost did fading go.

Whereas the fairy queen receiv'd,
With heavy mourning cheer,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in green,
She fetch'd him from his bed,
With music and sweet melody
So soon as life was fled,

For whom King Arthur and his knights
Full forty days did mourn,
And in remembrance of his name
That was so strangely born,

He built a tomb of marble gray,
And year by year did come
To celebrate the mournful day,
And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame still lives in England here,
Amongst the country sort ;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

II.

The Murder of the two Brothers, Lewis and Edmund West, by the Sons of the Lord Darsy.

[From a manuscript in the Ashmole Museum, Oxford.]

IN histories of old to read
He that doth exercise,
Adventures strange may see indeed,
Apparent to his eyes.

As I myself have read, no doubt,
In authors many one,
Wherein the acts hath been set out
Of many dead and gone.

Of some which in their lives have done
Acts dign* of note and fame :
And some have wrought whereby was won
Notes of reproach and blame.

And as the worthy to our sight
Are glasses to ensue,
So are the others mirrors right
Of shame for to eschew.

* Worthy.

Of Hercules and Jason strong
 I cannot shew the facts,
 Of Hector eke it were too long
 To name his noble acts.

Of Achilles and Troilus sure
 The deeds worthy and great,
 It passeth far of me the cure
 At this time to intreat.

Of Launcelot and strong Tristram
 I cannot speak this hour,
 Which were alway where they became
 Of chivalry the flower.

With those and more which like them were
 In worthiness and strength,
 Which at the last by envy's snare,
 Consumed were at length.

The cause whereof the truth to tell
 Is easy for to name,
 Even that they did so far excel
 In worthiness and fame.

Which thing in theme some did envy
 So, for the truth to say,
 That by all means they did apply
 To bring them out a-the-way.

Some through guilt and truthless train
 To death no doubt were brought ;
 Some cruelly of jar were slain,
 As hate the cause had wrought.

Yet was there none among them all
 Slain with more cruel spight,
 Than one, whom now to mind I call
 Whose name, Lewis West, hight.*

A goodly gentleman and squire;
 As any in this land ;
 And dwelling was within Yorkshire,
 You shall well understand.

I know not well what the cause was,
 Whereof the hate did spring,
 But how indeed it came to pass,
 I will declare the thing.

Both John and George by name,
 Sons unto the lord Darsy,
 As men whose hearts *iere*† did flame,
 Void of all grace and mercy.

The xvii. day of April plain,
 To make hereof short tales,
 Assaulted him to have him slain,
 At his own house at *Wales*.‡

* Was called.

† Ire ?

‡ In Yorkshire, nine miles from Sheffield.

Having with them twelve men indeed,
 Their quarrel to assist,
 Yet at that time they could not speed,
 But of their purpose mist.

At Ayton the vii. day of May
 With seventeen more right tall,
 They did assault and much assay
 Upon him eke to fall.

But Lewis West, that gentle squire,
 As evidence is rife,
 Did ever more of them desire,
 Not to attempt such strife.

The lord Darsy yet made behest,
 And did there undertake,
 Between his sons and Lewis West,
 An unity to make.

This Lewis West he meant none ill,
 But thought all had been sure,
 But they no doubt went forward still,
 His death for to procure.

And at the fair at Rotherham
 Appeared very well,
 Which on the next Monday then came;
 In Whitsun week it fell.

Thither rode Lewis West full straight,
And Edmund West, his brother ;
Twelve tall yeomen on him did wait,
His servants, and none other.

Both John and George Darsy also
Came thither with their band,
And all that day about did go
With him to fall in hand.

But when the same it would not be,
They did consult full straight,
And soon between themselves agree,
Homeward him to await.

Which done they rode there ways afore
To Ayeton, three mile thence ;
And lay in wait with men three score,
Armed to make defence.

With privy coats, and shirts of mail,
With weapons of each kind,
Wherewith they thought them to assail,
Afore and eke behind.

Thereof nought wist the brethren twain,
Lewis, and Edmund West,
But rode together home again,
At time when they thought best.

But as they rode homeward that tide
 At once withouten let,
 They found themselves on every side
 With enemies beset.

“ Good brother,” then said Lewis West,
 “ We are, I see, betray’d,
 “ Yet let us now do even our best,”
 Where to then Edmund said,

“ Whilst I,” quoth he, “ may lift my hand,
 “ Having my life and breath,
 “ With thee, my brother, I will stand
 “ Unto the very death.”

The gentle squire to his men spake,
 Asking of them that stound,
 If they with him such part would take,
 As he would on the ground.

To whom they answer’d by and bye,
 Saying, “ We are thy men
 “ And with thee will both live and die;
 “ Though each of them were ten.”

With that, John Darsy forth did break,
 And said to Lewis West,
 “ I have a word with thee to speak,
 “ To draw thy sword is best.”

“ I have no thing with you a-do,”
Then said that gentle squire,
“ But homewards on our way to go,
“ Let us, I you desire.”

John Darsy then to him did say,
“ A very knave thou art,
“ And or thou pass from me away
“ My sword shall pierce thy heart.”

West said unto the Darsy then,
“ The match is nothing like,
“ That ten or twelve against one man
“ At once should fight or strike.”

“ A gentleman I know you be,
“ And so your weight* am I,
“ With shame therefore mordure† not me,
“ But thus the matter try.”

“ Come you, and four of your best men,
“ At once, and fight with me,
“ And further more if you will then,
“ To each of my men three.”

“ And if you chance to slay me now,
“ I do you clean remit,
“ And if I chance for to slay you,
“ Thereof do me acquit.”

* Weight, i. e. equal.

† Murder.

The Darsys then made no delay,
 With all their rout y-fere,
 But all at once did them assay,
 To slay that worthy squire.

Who with his sword and buckler strong,
 Against them made defence,
 But that, alas ! could not be long
 Against that violence.

His sword was broken to his hand,
 Wherewith he manly fought,
 Which his enemies should else have found,
 And haply dear have bought.

One pierced there the body thorough,
 Of that right worthy wight,
 Unto his brother's mortal sorrow,
 Which saw that doleful sight.

Yet clasped he the Darsys twain,
 And cast them to the ground ;
 And had them both undoubted slain,
 Had they not succour found.

Which him anon from them off tost,
 And threw him down aside,
 Who forth withall gave up the ghost,
 And there amongst them died.

Yet Edmund West, his brother dear,
Bestrode him in that case;
Till he was fell'd, and dead right near,
As they thought in that place.

A piper with the Darsys was,
I know not well his name,
Which cried loud, and said, "Alas!
"This is too great a shame."

One of the Darsys heard that word,
And as a man past grace,
Pierced him thorough with his sword,
Right in that present place.

Which thing once done, they fled indeed,
With all their band there was,
God send all such ones ill to speed,
And here to live short days.

The squire, and one of his men there,
Lay dead upon the ground,
And all the rest that living were,
Had many a grievous wound,

God send them well to live and fare,
And ease of all their smarts,
And for the other sort prepare,
That which is their deserts.

Which is most condign punishment,
 And death for their offence,
 And give them grace for to repent,
 Of their departure hence.

A shameful thing it is to ken,
 And also most unfit,
 That ever any gentlemen,
 Such cruel[ty] should commit.

A warning, lord, grant this to be
 For them to flee such mys.
 Even thou that died upon a tree,
 To bring us to the bliss.

III.

THE POOR CHILD.

Tusser, the author of *The Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry*, and who was born in the reign of Henry VIII. relates, that, being a child, and having been sent by his father to a music school, as was the practice in those times, he was removed to Wallingford college, where he remained till he was seized by virtue of one of those placards which at that time were issued out to impress boys

for the service of the several choirs in this kingdom, and that at last he had the good fortune to be settled at St. Paul's, where he had Redford, a skilful musician, for his master. From St. Paul's he went to Eton, then to Trinity-hall in Cambridge, but soon left the University, and at different times was resident in various parts of the kingdom, where he was successively a musician, school-master, serving-man, husbandman, grazier, and poet, but never throve in any of these several vocations. The *Five Hundred Points of Husbandry* is written in familiar verse, and abounds with many curious particulars that bespeak the manners, the customs, and modes of living in this country, from the year 1520 to about half a century after; besides which it discovers such a degree of æconomical wisdom in the author, such a sedulous attention to the honest arts of thriving, such a general love of mankind, such a regard to justice, and a reverence for religion, that we not only lament his misfortunes, but wonder at them; and are at a loss to account for his dying poor, who understood so well the method to become rich.—See Hawkins's *History of Music*, Vol. III.

IT came to pass, that born I was,
 Of lineage good and gentle blood,
 In Essex Layer, in village fair,
 that Rivenhall hight: *
 Which village lide by Banktree side,
 There spend did I mine infancy;
 There then my name in honest fame
 remained in sight.

I yet but young, no speech of tongue,
 Nor tears withal that often fall
 From mother's eyes when child out cries
 to part her fro ;
 Could pity make good father take,
 But out I must to sing be thrust ;
 Say what I would, do what I could,
 his mind was so.

O painful time ! for every crime
 What toosed ears, like baited bears !
 What bobbed lips, what perks, what nips,
 what hellish toys !
 What robes ! how rare ! what college fare !
 What bread how stale ! what penny ale !
 Then Wallingford how wert thou abhor'd
 of silly boys !

Thence for my voice, I must (no choice)
 Away of force like posting horse,
 For sundry men had placards then
 such child to take :
 The better breast, the lesser rest*
 To serve the queere, now there now here ;
 For time so spent I may repent,
 and sorrow make.

* ' The better brest, the lesser rest.

In singing, the sound is originally produced by the action

But mark the chance, myself to 'vance,
 By friendship's lot to Paul's I got ;
 So found I grace a certain space
 still to remain
 With Redford* there, the like no where .
 For cunning such and virtue much,
 By whom some part of music art
 so did I gain.

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent
 To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
 Where fifty three stripes given to me
 at once I had :

the lungs; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good breast was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms *voce di petto* and *voce di testa* to signify two kinds of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakspeare's comedy of Twelfth Night, after the clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

‘ By my troth the fool hath an excellent breast.’

And in the statutes of Stoke college in Suffolk, founded by Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words: ‘ Of which said queristers, after their breasts are changed [i. e. their voices broke] we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibition of forty shillings, &c.’—Strype's Life of Parker, p. 9.

* John Redford, organist and almoner of St. Paul's. See Hawkins's Hist. of Music, Vol. II. p. 526.

For fault but small or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was ;
See Udall,* see the mercy of thee
to me poor lad.

IV.

THE SYMPATHISING LOVER.

Written about 1550.

JOHN is sick and ill at ease,
I am full sorry for John's disease ;
Alak good John what may you please ?
I shall bear the cost, by sweet saint Denis.

* This Udall was Nicholas Udall, styled by Bayle, ' *Elgantissimus omnium bonarum literarum magister, et earum felicissimus interpres* ;' and that master of Eton school whose severity made divers of his scholars run away from the school for fear of beating. Roger Ascham tells the story in the preface to his *Schoolmaster* ; and a specimen of Udall's elegance both in verse and prose may be seen in the appendix to Ascham's works in quarto, published by John Bennet, 1761

She is so pretty in every degree,
 Good lord who may a goodlier be
 In favour and in fashion lo will ye see
 But it were an angel of the Trinity.

Alak, good John, what may you please ?
 I shall bear the cost by sweet saint Denis.

Her countenance with her lination,
 To him that would of such recreation,
 That God hath ordent in his first formation,
 Might well be called conjuration.

Alak good John what may you please ?
 I shall bear the cost by sweet saint Denis.

She is my little pretty one,
 What should I say ? my mind is gone,
 If she and I were together alone,
 I wis she will not give me a bone,
 Alas good John shall all my moan
 Be lost so soon ?

I am a fool,
 Leave this array,
 Another day
 We shall both play,
 When we are sole.*

* Together, or by ourselves.

V.

THE AMOROUS DISTRESS.

Written about 1550.

HAVE I not cause to mourn, alas !
 Ever whiles that my life do dure ;
 Lamenting thus my sorrowful case
 In sighs deep without recure ?
 Now remembering my hard adventure,

Marvellously making my heart wo :
 Alas ! her looks have pierced me so !
 Sad is her cheer with colour chrystyne,
 More fairer of look than fair Ellen,
 Eyes gray, clearer than columbyne,
 Never a sweeter of nature feminine ;
 Goodly in port, O what a pastime and joy
 Have I when I behold her !

Wofully oppressed with sorrow and pain,
With sighing my heart and body in distress,
Grievously tormented through disdain,
Lacking the company of my lady and mistress,
Which to attain is yet remedyless ;
But God of his grace surely me send
By sorrows importunate joyfully to amend.

Is it not sure a deadly pain,
To you I say that lovers be,
When faithful hearts must needs refrain
The one the other for to see ?
I you assure ye may trust me,
Of all the pains that ever I knew
It is a pain that most I rue.

VI.

THE LOYAL LOVER.

Written about 1550.

As I lay sleeping,
In dreams fleeting,
Ever my sweeting
 Is in my mind ;
She is so goodly,
With looks so lovely,
That no man truly
 Such one can find.

Her beauty so pure,
It doth under lure
My poor heart full sure
 In governance ;
Therefore now will I
Unto her apply,
And ever will cry,
 For remembrance.

Her' fair eye piercing,
My poor heart bleeding,
And I abiding,
 In hope of meed ;
But thus have I long
Entuned this song,
With pains full strong,
 And cannot speed.

Alas will not she
Now shew her pity,
But thus will take me
 In such disdain ;
Methinketh I wys
Unkind that she is,
That bindeth me thus,
 In such hard pain.

Though she me bind,
Yet shall she not find
My poor heart unkind,
 Do what she can ;
For I will her pray,
Whiles I live a day,
Me to take for aye,
 For her own man.

VII.

THE LOVER'S EXPOSTULATION.

Written about 1550.

COMPLAIN I may,
And right well say,
Love goeth astray,
 And waxeth wild ;
For many a day
Love was my prey,
It will alway,
 I am beguil'd.

I have thankless
Spent my service,
And can purchase
 No grace at all ;
Wherefore doubtless,
Such a mistress,
Dame Pitiless
 I may her call.

For sikerly,
The more that I
On her do try
 On me to think:
The less mercy
In her find I:
Alas I die,
 My heart doth sink.

Fortune, pardy,
Assigneth me
Such cruelty,
 Withouten guilt;
Ought not to be,
I twis pity,
O shame to see,
 A man so spilt.

That I should spill
For my good will,
I think great ill,
 Against all right;
It is more ill,
She should me kill,
Whom I love still,
 With all my might.

But to express
 My heaviness,
 Sith my service
 Is thus forsake ;
 All comfortless,
 With much distress,
 In wilderness,
 I me betake.

And thus adieu,
 Death doth ensue,
 Without rescue,
 Her * * * *
 I trow a Jew
 On me would rue,
 Knowing how true
 That I have been,

VIII.

THE LOVER'S INDIFFERENCE.

IF reason did rule,
And wit kept school,
Discretion should take place,
And heave our heaviness,
Which banish'd quietness
And made him hide his face.

Sith time hath tried,
And truth hath spied,
That fained faith is flattery
Why should disdain
Thus over me reign,
And hold me in captivity?

Why should I cause my heart to break,
By favouring foolish fantasy,
Why should despair me all to-tear,
Why should I join with jealousy?

Why should I trust,
That never was just,
Or love her that loves many ;
Or to lament
Time past and spent,
Whereof there is no recovery.

For if that I
Should thus apply,
Myself in all I can ;
Truth to take place,
Where never truth was,
I were a foolish man.

Set forth is by science,
Declare it doth experience,
By the fruit to know the tree ;
Then if a faining flatterer,
To gain a faithful lover,
It may in no wise be.

Therefore farewell flattery,
Fained faith and jealousy,
Truth my tale shall tell ;
Reason now shall rule,
Wit shall keep the school,
And bid you all farewell.

IX.

THE BACHELOR'S PLEA AGAINST
MATRIMONY.

THE bachelor most joyfully,
In pleasant plight doth pass his days,
Good fellowship and company
He doth maintain and keep alway.

With damsels brave he may well go,
The married man cannot do so,
If he be merry and toy with any,
His wife will frown, and words give many ;

Her yellow hose she straight will put on,
So that the married man dare not displease his wi
Joan.

X.

CAVEAT AGAINST IDLE RUMOURS.

Written about the year 1550.

CONSIDERING this world, and th' increase of vice,
Stricken into dump, right much I mused,
That no manner of man be he never so wise,
From all sorts thereof can be excused.

And one vice there is, the more it is used,
Mo inconvenience shall grow day by day,
And that is this, let it be refused,
Give no sure credence to every hearsay.

Light women's thoughts will run at large,
Whether the tale be false or just :
Tidings of alehouse or Gravesend barge,
Bear-baitings, or barbers shops is not to trust.

An enemy's tale is soon distrust,
Ye shall perceive it partial alway,
To all the foresaid refrain we must,
To give sure credence to every hearsay.

Though hearsay be true, as perchance may fall,
Yet fix not thy credence too high,
And though the teller seem right substantial,
And tell but hearsay, why may he not lie?

Then betwixt light credence and a tongue hasty,
Surely the guiltless is cast away,
Condemning the absent that is unworthy,
So passeth a life from hearsay to hearsay.

Good Lord! how some will with a loud voice,
Tell a tale after the best sort,
And some hearers how they will rejoice,
To hear of their neighbours ill report!

As though it were a matter of comfort,
Herein our charity doth decay,
And some maketh it but game and sport,
To tell a lie after the hearsay.

Tell a good tale of God or some saint,
Or of some miracles lately done;
Some will believe it hard and stent,
And take it after a full light fashion:

We hear say Christ suffered passion,
And man shall revert to earth and clay,
The richest or strongest know not how soon,
Believe well now this for true is that hearsay.

XI.

SONNET TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

[From a book called "Speculum Christiani," printed by
Machlinia about 1483.]

MARY mother well thou be !
Mary mother think on me !
Maiden and mother was never none,
Together, lady, save thou alone.

Sweet lady, maiden clean,
Shield me from ill shame and tene,*
And out of sin, lady, shield thou me,
And out of dette for charity.

Lady, for thy joys five,
Get me grace in this life,
To know and keep over all thing
Christian faith and God's bidding,
And truly wyne all that I need
To me and mine clothe and feed,

* Wrath.

Help me, lady, and all mine,
 Shield me, lady, from hell pyne;*
 Shield me, lady, from villainy,
 And from all wicked company,
 Shield me, lady, from all shame,
 And from all wicked fame.

Sweet lady, maiden mild,
 From all fomen thou me schild, †
 That the fiend me not deere,
 Sweet lady, thou me weere, ‡
 Both by day and by night,
 Help me, lady, with all thy might.

For my friends I pray to thee,
 That they may saved be,
 To their souls and their life,
 Lady, for thy joys five.

For my fomen I pray also,
 That they may here so do,
 That they nor I in wrath die,
 Sweet lady, I thee pray.

And they that be in deadly sin,
 Let them never die therein,
 But, sweet lady, thou them rede ‡
 For to amend their misdeed.

* Pain. † Shield. ‡ Defend. § Advise.

Sweet lady, for me thou pray to heaven king,
That he me grant housel, shrift, and good ending,
Jesu for his sweet grace
In the bliss of heaven also a place.

Lady, as I trust in thee,
This prayer that thou grant me,
And I shall, lady, here by life
Greet thee with Aves five,
Sweet lady, full of wyne,*
Full of grace and god within.

As thou art flower of all thy kin,
Do † my follies for to blin, ‡
And shield [me] out of deadly sin
That I be never take therein,
And, noblest lady, grant me
That my soul for my sin ne damned be.

* Joy.

† Cause.

‡ Cease.

XII.

"THE BALADE OF A SHEPARDE."

[From the Kalendar of Shepheardes. Imprynted by Julian Notary.]

"Here before tyme this boke was prynted in Parys into corrupt Englysshe, and nat by no Englysshe man, wherfore the bokes that were brought into Englande, no man coude understande them parfytely and no mervayle, for it is unlikely for a man of that countre, for to make it into good and parfyte Englysshe as it shuld be. Therfore newly nowe it is drawn out of French into Englysshe at the Instaunce, cost, and charge of Richarde Pynson."

I know that God hath formed me,
And made me to his own likeness,
I know that he hath given to me truly
Soul and body, wit and knowledge ywis,
I know that by right wise true balance
After my deeds judged shall I be.
I know much, but I wot not the variance,
To understand whereof cometh my folly,
I know full well that I shall die,
And yet my life amend not I.

I know in what poverty
Born a child this earth above,
I know that God hath lent to me
Abundance of goods to my behoof.
I know that riches can me not save,
And with me I shall bear none away.
I know the more good I have
The loather I shall be to die.
I know all this faithfully,
And yet my life amend not I.

I know that I have passed
Great part of my days with joy and pleasance.
I know that I have gathered
Sins, and also do little penance.
I know that by ignorance
To excuse me there is no art.
I know that once shall be
When my soul shall depart,
That I shall wish that I had mended me.
I know there is no remedy,
And therefore my life amend will I.

XIII.

Sonnet sung before Queen Elizabeth, supposed to have been written by the Earl of Essex.

Sir William Segar, in his account of a solemn tilt or exercise of arms held in the year 1590, before Queen Elizabeth, in the Tilt Yard at Westminster, with emblematical representations and music, mentions that Mr. Hale sung the following song. He also remarks of Mr. Hale, that he was her majesty's servant, a gentleman in that art excellent, and for his voice both commendable and admirable.—Treatise of Honour, civil, and military, lib. III. cap. 54. And Sir Henry Wotton, in his parallel between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham, says that a sonnet of the Earl's was, upon a certain occasion, sung before the Queen, by one Halle, in whose voice she took some pleasure.

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd
 (O time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing)
 My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurn'd
 But spurn'd in vain; youth waineth by encreasing,
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers that fading been
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers songs shall turn to holy psalms ;
A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms ;
And tho' from court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carrol for a song,
Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong.
Goddess, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

XIV.

SONNET ON ELIZABETH MARKHAME.

[From a MS. of John Harrington, dated 1564.]

WHENCE comes my love, O heart, disclose,
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose :
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise ?
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely own,
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind ;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire ;
Yet all so fair, but speak my moan,
Syth nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak,
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain ?
O Venus, take thy gifts again :
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

XV.

BISHOP THURSTAN, AND THE KING OF
SCOTS.

[First printed in this Collection.]

A. D. 1137. Soon after Stephen's departure for Normandy, the King of Scots entered England in an hostile manner.—Stephen's government was at this time in no condition to have resisted the invasion, and nothing could have broke the storm, but the venerable Thurstan (Archbishop of York) working upon the piety of King David. Though this prelate was now very old, yet he prevailed with David and his son to meet him at Roxburgh, a castle lying near the frontiers of both the kingdoms; where his remonstrances had such an effect, that the Scottish princes generously put a stop to hostilities till Stephen should return to England, and be once more applied to for a definitive answer concerning the investiture of Northumberland.

See GUTHRIE's History of England.

THRO' the fair country of Tiviotdale,
King David marched forth;
King David and his princely son,
The heroes of the north.

And holy Thurstan fro' merry Carlisle,
In haste his way doth wind ;
With many a cross-bearer going before,
And many a knight behind.

And many did bless that holy bishop,
As evermore they may ;
For well they knew 'twas for holy peace
That he did wend that way.

And at the castle of fair Roxburgh
The king and bishop drew near,
Their horns resounding o'er the hills,
Their banners shining far.

" Now welcome, welcome holy Thurstan,
" Right welcome unto me,
" And ever it cheers me sooth to say,
" So holy a man to see."

" No king is welcome unto me,
" Nor for him will I pray,
" Who comes to ravage a helpless land,
" When it's king is far away."

Oh then bespake king David,
And full of wrath spake he :
" Now I swear by the rood, th' English king
" Hath evermore injur'd me.

“ Fro’ my son, he keeps th’ investiture
 “ Of Northumberland, his right :
 “ And ever I’ll harrow that unjust king,
 “ By Christ in heaven his might.”

Oh then bespake the holy Thurstan,
 And full of woe spake he :
 “ O Christ, thy kingdom of heav’nly bliss,
 “ Alas ! when shall we see ?

“ For here on earth is nought but sin,
 “ E’en kings for pride do ill ;
 “ And when they with each other war,
 “ The poor folk’s blood must spill.

“ What hath the husbandman done wrong,
 “ That ye must spoil his grain ?
 “ And what the poor widow, and what the child,
 “ That they must all be slain.

“ And what is the simple maid to blame,
 “ To be made of lust the prey :
 “ And what the lowly village priest,
 “ That ye so oft do slay ?

“ Ah ! tyrant kings, shall not the Lord
 “ Revenge the poor distrest ;
 “ The simple swain, the helpless maid,
 “ The widow, and the priest ?

“ And when the doleful day of doom
“ Shall call ye fro’ the grave ;
“ Fro’ the crying blood of those innocents,
“ What, tyrants, shall ye save ?

“ Think ye that Christ, (whose gentle laws
“ Aye breathe so mild a strain,)
“ Think you that Christ (of mercy king)
“ Will free you fro’ the pain ?

“ Did he not die all on the rood,
“ And all for the love of man ?
“ And will he then save their guilty souls,
“ Who so many men have slain ?

“ Far sooner, oh king ! would I lay in mire,
“ Than sit upon a throne ;
“ Far sooner, oh king ! would I beg my bread,
“ Than wear a golden crown.

“ For shall not the judge of all do right,
“ At the doleful doom’s day ?
“ Then what will avail your crowns and thrones,
“ And your states and courtiers gay ?

“ Now think thee well, oh mortal king !
“ And thy proud misdeeds bemoan ;
“ Oh think what will save thy hapless soul,
“ When thy pomp shall all be gone.

“ Nor fancy that alms will save thy soul,
 “ Tho’ bounteous they be giv’n ;
 “ Nor the rearing of abbies, all rich endow’d,
 “ Will carry thy soul to heav’n.

“ Full well I know the craving monks
 “ Have many a one beguil’d ;
 “ And oft, when a man’s laid on his death bed,
 “ They rob the widow and child.

“ But rouze thy reason, oh noble king !
 “ Nor heed the cloister’d drone ;
 “ For nothing there is a man can do,
 “ For bloodshed shall atone :

“ Save the merits of him, who for our sins
 “ Died on the precious rood ;
 “ And ever the crime that most he hates.
 “ Is shedding of man’s blood.”

All woe-begone then spoke the king,
 And the tears ran fro’ his eyne :
 “ And ever I thank thee, holy ‘Thurstan,
 “ For thy counsel so divine.

“ But heav’n doth know that from my heart,
 “ I hate to kill and slay ;
 “ And ever I hinder my men at arms,
 “ As evermore I may.

“ And fain would I save the peasant swain,
“ And the widow poor distrest :
“ And the helpless maid and simple child,
“ And eke the lowly priest.”

Oh then bespake prince Henry brave ;
As he stood by the king ;
“ Father, I know thy conscience clear
“ As water fro’ the spring,

“ And if, in avenging of our wrongs
“ Full many a one is slain,
“ And the bloody warrior doth great spoil,
“ Art thou, good king, to blame ?”

“ Too hasty prince,” the bishop cried,
“ To ravage is a shame ;
“ And when the warriors do great spoil,
“ Their prince is all to blame.

“ Why not go meet your royal foe,
“ Like men in open field ;
“ And if he will not right your wrongs,
“ Then take to sword and shield ?

“ And not, when our king is far away,
“ To ravage the country o’er ;
“ To murder the weak and the innocent,
“ And cruelly spoil the poor.”

Oh then bespake the Scottish king,

Like a noble king spake he :

“ Oh, I will wait till your king Stephen

“ Doth come fro’ o’er the sea,

“ Then, reverend Thurstan, if thy king

“ No more our right delays,

“ But will invest my son in Northumberland,

“ Then will we go our ways.

“ But if, when he’s come to merry England,

“ He will not do us right,

“ Oh then will I harrow that unjust king,

“ By Christ in heaven his might.”

“ Now dost thou speak like a noble king,”

The holy Thurstan cried ;

“ And now do I welcome thee, royal king,

“ Of Scotland aye the pride.

“ And when my liege shall come again,

“ Then may he do thee right !”

“ Or he shall rue,” cried that valiant king,

“ By Christ in heav’n his might.”

And there, while the merry bells did ring,

And the minstrels blith did play,

The Scottish princes and the good bishop

Did feast for many a day.

Full many did bless that holy man,
As he sat in the hall,
And merrily sang; for well they knew,
He had rescued them fro' thrall.

And many a husbandman was blith
As he did reap his grain;
“And but for Thurstan, that holy bishop,
“This all away had been ta'en;

“And I had been kill'd, and many beside,
“With our wives and children all:
“And may heav'n aye prosper that holy bishop,
“That hath rescued us fro' thrall!”

XVI.

THE BATTLE OF CUTON MOOR, IN 1138.

[First printed in this Collection.]

After Easter, 1138, the King of Scotland again invaded Northumberland and the bishoprick of Durham:—his design was probably to draw Stephen from the south parts, and thereby to favour the adherents of the Empress. But the noblemen of the north, who all held great baronies by military tenures, associated among themselves to repel him:—at the head of this association was Thurstan, the

brave old Archbishop of York: the other barons were, William Earl of Albemarle, a young nobleman of great spirit, and very active in arms; Walter de Gaunt, who was very old, but of great repute, and at the head of a strong body of Flemings and Normans; Robert de Bruce, and his brother Adam, who (notwithstanding their personal attachment to the Scotch king) brought into the field a numerous body of brave young fellows, all completely armed. Roger de Mowbray, though but a child, gave great sanction to the expedition by the greatness of his family and followers. Walter Espec is mentioned likewise upon the occasion; a man of gigantic strength and stature, and accounted the best warrior in the north.—The English army advanced as far as Thrusk castle, under the direction of the old Archbishop; but there that prelate resigned his command to Ralph Bishop of the Orkneys.*—The army by this time was strengthened by several noblemen of Nottingham and Derbyshire; at last they marched as far as Northallerton, where they raised the famous standard: this was the mast of a small ship; on the top of which was placed a silver cross, and the machine itself went upon wheels, and all around it hung the banners of St. Peter, St. John of Beverly, and St. Wilfred.—The Scots army, now advancing with long marches, passed the river Tees, and encamped on an open plain called Cuton Moor, within two miles of the English. Early in the morning the two armies drew up in order of battle, when, after a severe contest, the Scots were

* Matthew Paris says, to Ralph Bishop of *Durham*; and this is repeated by Holinshed and other historians; but this must be a mistake, for Geoffry Rufus was made Bishop of Durham in 1128, and held the Bishopric till 1143. See Beatson's Political Index.

routed, being said to have lost ten thousand men. The king and his son were left to maintain their ground, attended only by their own guards, when they made a resistance worthy themselves, and at last retired to Carlisle. (The Scotch prince Henry is famed in history for his valour, humility, and the beauty of his person.)

See GUTHRIE'S History of England.

THE welkin dark o'er Cuton Moor
With dreary clouds did low'r—
The woeful carnage of that day
Shall Scotland aye deplore.

The river Tees full oft did sigh,
As she roll'd her winding flood,
That ever her silver tide so clear
Should be swell'd with human blood !

King David he stood on the rising hill,
And the verdant prospect view'd ;
And he saw that sweet river that o'er the moor
Roll'd on her silver flood.

Oh then bespake that noble king,
And with grief his heart was woo'd ;
“ And ever I mourn that yon fair stream
“ Should be swell'd with human blood !”

King David he saw the verdant moor,
 With wild flow'rs all bestrow'd ;
 " And ever I'm griev'd that so green a moor
 " Should be stain'd with human blood !

" But more am I griev'd, alas !" he cried,
 " And more my heart is woo'd,
 " That so many warriors young and brave
 " Must this day shed their blood !"

As princely a host that king did lead
 As ever march'd on plain :
 Alas ! that so many a warrior brave
 Should be so soon slain !

And first march'd forth the Galloway men,
 Of the ancient Picts they sprang ;
 Their spears all so bright and bucklers strong
 For many miles rang.

And then came on the Norman troops,
 With English them among :
 For the empress Maude they came to fight,
 To right that lady's wrong.

And then march'd forth the Scottish foot,
 And then march'd forth the horse ;
 In armour strong, all those warriors came,
 A great and warlike force.

King David look'd athwart the moor,
And prince Henry, his brave son,
And they were aware of the English host,
Come merily marching on.

Oh then call'd forth king David,
And loudly called he,
"And who is here in all my camp,
"Can describe yon host to me?"

Then came a bearne, beside the tent,
An Englishman was he ;
'Twas not long since from the English host,
That traitorous wight did flee.

"Now tell me yon hosts," the king he cried,
"And thou shalt have gold and fee—
"And who is yon chief that rides along
"With his locks so aged grey?"

"Oh that is Sir Walter de Gaunt you see,
"And he hath been grey full long,
"But many's the troop that he doth lead,
"And they are stout and strong."

"And who is yon chief so bright of blee,
"With his troops that beat the plain?"
"Oh that's the young earl of Albemarle,
"Leading his gallant train."

“ A more gallant warrior than that lord
 “ Is not yon hosts among ;
 “ And the gallant troops that he doth lead,
 “ Like him, are stout and young.”

“ And who yon shiny warriors two,
 “ With their troops clad the same ?”
 “ Oh they are the Bruces, that in this fight
 “ Have come to acquire them fame.”

Oh then call'd out king David,
 And full of woe spake he :
 “ And ever I hold those Bruces false,
 “ For much they owe to me.

“ And who's yon chief of giant height,
 “ And of bulk so huge to see ?”
 “ Walter Espec is that chief's name,
 “ And a potent chief is he.

“ His stature's large as the mountain oak,
 “ And eke as strong his might :
 “ There's ne'er a chief in all the north
 “ Can dare with him to fight.”

“ And who's yon youth, yon youth I see,
 “ A galloping o'er the moor ?
 “ His troops that follow so gallantly,
 “ Proclaim him a youth of power.”

“ Young Roger de Mowbraye is that youth,
“ And he’s sprang of the royal line ;
“ His wealth and his followers, oh king,
“ Are almost as great as thine.”

“ And who’s yon aged chief I see
“ All clad in purple vest ?”
“ Oh that’s the Bishop o’th’ Orkney isles,
“ And he all the host hath blest.

“ And all the rest are noblemen,
“ Of fortune and fame each one :
“ From Nottingham and from Derbyshire
“ Those valiant chieftains come.”

“ But what’s yon glitt’ring tow’r I see
“ I’th’ centre o’the host ?”
“ Oh that’s the hallow’d standard, of which
“ The English make such boast.

“ A mast of a ship it is so high,
“ All bedeck’d with gold so gay ;
“ And on the top is a holy cross,
“ That shines as bright as the day.

“ Around it hang the holy banners
“ Of many a blessed saint ;
“ Saint Peter, and John of Beverly,
“ And Saint Wilfred there they paint.

“ The aged folk around it throng,
 “ With their old hairs all so gray ;
 “ And many a chieftain there bows down,
 “ And so heart’ly doth he pray.”

Oh then bespake the king of Scots,
 And so heavily spake he :
 “ And had I but yon holy standard,
 “ Right gladsome should I be.

“ And had I but yon holy standard,
 “ That there so high doth tow’r,
 “ I would not care for yon English host,
 “ Nor all yon chieftains pow’r.

“ O had I but yon holy rood,
 “ That there so bright doth show ;
 “ I would not care for yon English host,
 “ Nor the worst that they could do.”

Oh then bespake prince Henry,
 And like a brave prince spake he :
 “ Ah let us but fight like valiant men,
 “ And we’ll make yon hosts to flee.

“ Oh let us but fight like valiant men,
 “ And to Christ’s will ybow,
 “ And yon hallow’d standard shall be ours,
 “ And the victory also.”

Prince Henry was as brave a youth
As ever fought in field ;
Full many a warrior that dread day
To him his life did yield.

Prince Henry was as fair a youth
As the sun did e're espy ;
Full many a lady in Scottish land
For that young prince did sigh.

Prince Henry call'd his young foot page,
And thus to him spake he :
" Oh heed my words, and serve me true,
" And thou shall have gold and fee.

" Stand thou on yonder rising hill,
" Full safe I ween the site :
" And from thence oh mark thee well my crest
" In all the thickest fight.

" And if, o'ercome with wounds, I fall,
" Then take thee a swift swift steed,
" And from this moor to Dumfries town,
" Oh ride thee away with speed.

" There to the lady Alice wend ;
(" You'll know that lovely fair,
" For the fairest maid in all that town,
" Cannot with her compare ;)

“ And tell that lady of my woe,
 “ And tell her of my love ;
 “ And give to her this golden ring,
 “ My tender faith to prove.

“ And strive to cheer that lovely maid
 “ In all her grief and care :
 “ For well I know her gentle heart
 “ Did ever hold me dear.”

And now the English host drew near,
 And all in battle array ;
 Their shining swords and glitt’ring spears
 Shot round a brilliant ray.

And now both valiant hosts came near,
 Each other for to slay ;
 While watchful hovered o’er their heads
 Full many a bird of prey.

The sun behind the dark dark clouds
 Did hide each beamy ray,
 As fearful to behold the woe
 That mark’d that doleful day.

The thund’ring winds of heav’n arose,
 And rush’d from pole to pole,
 As striving to drown the groans and sighs
 Of many a dying soul.

Stern death he heard the shouts of war,
That echoed around so loud ;
And he rous'd him to th' embattled field,
To feast on human blood.

And first the Pictish race began
The carnage of that day ;
The cries they made were like the storm
That rends the rocks away.

Those fierce fierce men of Galloway
Began that day of dole ;
And their shouts were like the thunder's roar,
That's heard from pole to pole.

Now bucklers rang 'gainst swords and spears,
And arrows dimm'd the plain ;
And many a warrior lay full low,
And many a chief was slain.

Oh woeful woeful was that day,
To child and widow drear !
For there fierce death o'er human race
Did triumph 'far and near.

Drear was the day—in dark dark clouds
The welkin all endrown'd ;
But far more drear the woeful scene
Of carnage all around.

Drear was the sound of warring winds
That fought along the skies ;
But far more drear the woeful sound
Of dying warriors sighs.

Laden with death's unpitying arm,
Swords fell and arrows flew ;
The widow'd wife and fatherless child
That day of dole shall rue.

Ten thousand Scots, who on that morn
Were marching all so gay,
By night, alas ! on that dreary moor
Poor mangled corps ylay.

Weep, dames of Scotland, weep and wail,
Let your sighs re-echo round ;
Ten thousand brave Scots that hail'd the morn,
At night lay dead on ground.

And ye, fair dames of merry England,
As fast your tears must pour ;
For many's the valiant Englishman
That ye shall see no more.

Sigh, dames of England, and lament,
And many a salt tear shed ;
For many an Englishman hail'd that morn,
That ere the night was dead.

The Scots they fled ; but still their king,
With his brave son by his side,
Fought long the foe (brave king and prince,
Of Scotland aye the pride.)

The Scots they fled ; but still the king,
With his brave son, fought full well,
Till o'er the moor an arrow yflew—
And brave prince Henry fell.

All this espied his young foot page,
From the hill whereon he stood ;
And soon hath he mounted a swift swift steed,
And soon from the moor hath rode.

And he hath cross'd the Tees fair stream,
Now swell'd with human blood ;
Th' affrighted page he never stay'd,
Till to Dumfries he hath rode.

Fair Alice was gone to the holy kirk,
With a sad heart did she go ;
And ever so fast did she cry to heav'n,
“ Prince Henry save from woe ! ”

Fair Alice she hied her to the choir,
Where the priests did chant so slow ;
And ever she cried, “ May the holy saints
“ Prince Henry save from woe ! ”

Fair Alice, with many a tear and sigh,
 To Mary's shrine did go ;
 And so fast she cried, " Sweet Mary mild,
 " Prince Henry save from woe !"

Fair Alice she knelt by the hallow'd rood,
 While fast her tears did flow ;
 And ever she cried, " Oh sweet sweet Saviour,
 " Prince Henry save from woe !"

Fair Alice look'd out at the kirk door,
 And heavy her heart did beat ;
 For she was aware of the prince's page,
 Come galloping thro' the street.

Again fair Alice look'd out to see,
 And well nigh did she swoon ;
 For now she was sure it was that page
 Come galloping thro' the town.

" Now Christ thee save, thou sweet young page,
 " Now Christ thee save and see !
 " And how doth sweet prince Henry ?
 " I pray thee tell to me."

The page he look'd at the fair Alice,
 And his heart was full of woe ;
 The page he look'd at the fair Alice,
 Till his tears fast 'gan to flow.

“ Ah woe is me !” sad Alice cried,
And tore her golden hair ;
And so fast she wrang her lily hands,
All woo’d with sad despair.

“ The English keep the bloody field,
“ Full many a Scot is slain,
“ But lives prince Henry ?” the lady cried,
“ All else to me is vain.—

“ Oh lives the prince ? I pray thee tell,”
Fair Alice still did call :
“ These eyes did see a keen arrow fly,
“ Did see prince Henry fall.”

Fair Alice she sat her on the ground,
And never a word she spake ;
But like the pale image did she look,
For her heart was nigh to break.

The rose that once so ting’d her cheek,
Was now, alas ! no more ;
But the whiteness of her lily skin
Was fairer than before.

“ Fair lady, rise,” the page exclaim’d,
“ Nor lay thee here thus low.”—
She answered not, but heav’d a sigh,
That spoke her heart felt woe.

Her maidens came and strove to cheer,
 But in vain was all their care ;
 The townsfolk wept to see that lady
 So whelm'd in dread despair.

They rais'd her from the danky ground,
 And sprinkled water fair ;
 But the coldest water from the spring
 Was not so cold as her.

And now came horsemen to the town,
 That the prince had sent with speed ;
 With tidings to Alice that he did live,
 To ease her of her dread.

For when that hapless prince did fall,
 The arrow did not him slay ;
 But his followers bravely rescued him,
 And convey'd him safe away.

Bravely they rescued that noble prince,
 And to fair Carlisle him bore ;
 And there that brave young prince did live,
 Tho' wounded sad and sore.

Fair Alice the wond'rous tidings heard,
 And thrice for joy she sigh'd :
 That hapless fair, when she heard the news,
 She rose—she smil'd—and died.

The tears that her fair maidens shed,
Ran free from their bright eyes ;
The echoing wind that then did blow,
Was burden'd with their sighs.

The page he saw the lovely Alice
In a deep deep grave let down,
And at her head a green turf ylayd,
And at her feet a stone !

Then with many a tear and many a sigh
Hath he hied him on his way ;
And he hath come to Carlisle town,
All yclad in black array.

And now hath he come to the prince's hall,
And lowly bent his knee :

“ And how is the lady Alice so fair,
“ My page, come tell to me.”

“ Oh, the lady Alice, so lovely fair,
“ Alas ! is dead and gone,

“ And at her head is a green grass turf,
“ And at her foot a stone.

“ The lady Alice is dead and gone,
“ And the worms feed by her side ;
“ And all for the love of thee, oh prince,
“ That beauteous lady died.

“ And where she’s laid the green turf grows,
 “ And a cold grave-stone is there ;
 “ But the dew-clad turf, nor the cold cold stone,
 “ Is not so cold as her.”

Oh then prince Henry sad did sigh,
 His heart all full of woe ;
 That hapless prince ybeat his breast,
 And fast his tears ’gan flow.

“ And art thou gone, my sweet Alice ?
 “ And art thou gone, he cried :
 “ Ah would to heav’n that I with thee,
 “ My faithful love, had died !

“ And have I lost thee, my sweet Alice ?
 “ And art thou dead and gone ?
 “ And at thy dear head a green grass turf,
 “ And at thy foot a stone ?

“ The turf that’s o’er thy grave, dear Alice,
 “ Shall with my tears be wet ;
 “ And the stone at thy feet shall melt, love,
 “ Ere I will thee forget.”

And when the news came to merry England
 Of the battle in the north ;
 Oh then king Stephen and his nobles
 So merrily marched forth.

And they have had justs and tournaments,
And have feasted o'er and o'er ;
And merrily merrily have they rejoic'd,
For the victory of Cuton Moor.

But many a sigh adds to the wind,
And many a tear to the show'r,
And many a bleeding heart hath broke,
For the battle of Cuton Moor.

And many's the widow all forlorn,
And helpless orphan poor,
And many's the maiden that shall rue
The victory of Cuton Moor.

The lady Alice is laid in her grave,
And a cold stone marks the site ;
And many's the maid like her doth die,
'Cause kings and nobles will fight.

The lady Alice is laid full low,
And her maidens tears do pour,
And many's the wretch with them shall weep,
For the victory of Cuton Moor.

The holy priest doth weep as he sings
His masses o'er and o'er ;
And all for the souls of them that were slain
At the battle of Cuton Moor.

XVII.

THE MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR,

(Nephew of King John) in Rouen Castle.

[First printed in this Collection.]

'MONG hills and woodlands, many a mile
Seine roll'd his murm'ring flood ;
-And, winding, wash'd the stately tow'rs,
Where Rouen's fair castle stood.

Drear darkness, with her mournful shade,
Had spread the welkin o'er,
And hid from view th' embattled walls
That deckt the winding shore.

No more was heard the voice of man,
Soft slept each wearied hind :
No sound——save hapless Arthur's sighs,
That murmur'd with the wind.

From an old tow'r of dreary height,
Forlorn, thro' Gothic grate,
The hapless prince look'd o'er the flood,
And mourn'd his wretched fate.

“ Ye winds, that rove the forests free,

“ Why roar ye as ye blow ?

“ Ye waves that dash against these tow’rs.

“ Why murmur as ye flow ?

“ You winds enjoy the bliss to rove,

“ The sweets of freedom know ;

“ Ye wand’ring waves, how blest your fate,

“ Where’re you will to flow !

“ Or is’t in pity to my sighs,

“ That round these towers ye roar ?

“ And you, fair river, dash your waves

“ So oft against the shore ?

“ How blest were I, ye winds and waves,

“ If I like you could rove ;

“ Like you could wind my cheerful way,

“ Thro’ forest, hill, and grove !

“ But woe is me, here doom’d to waste

“ My life in hopeless woe ;

“ To number sighs—that still must heave,

“ And tears—that still must flow !

“ Full many a day hath told its hours,

“ Since I have sigh’d for peace ;

“ And many a day must still roll on,

“ Ere my misfortunes cease.

“ My sole employ to count the woes

“ That fill up my despair ;

“ A mother’s tears—I cannot wipe—

“ A crown—I cannot wear.

“ A lovely sister in my cause,

“ Debarr’d of liberty ;——

“ A thousand friends, or captive made,

“ Or slain in fight for me.

“ My sleep to me affords no peace ;

“ Fell fancy still will wake,

“ And doubles every pang of woe,

“ My wearied soul to rack.

“ Oh then, with every care renew’d,

“ I wake right full of woe ;

“ Wake—but to mark the dashing wave,

“ And hear the rude winds blow.

“ Then, then, distracted at my fate,

“ And frantic with my fears,

“ I load the tempest with my sighs,

“ The river with my tears.

“ Full many a sun hath set in mist,

“ As wearied with my sighs ;

“ The same my misery, when again

“ That pitying sun did rise.

“ The gentle moon, when bright her beams
“ Upon these towers she throws,
“ Oft’ hides her face behind a cloud,
“ As weeping for my woes.

“ But yet, were I ’mong all my race
“ Alone o’erwhelm’d with cares,
“ I’d be resign’d—tho’ bound in chains,
“ And smile amid my tears.

“ But, hapless Constance, mother dear !
“ Thy pangs too well I heed ;
“ With thine my tears for ever flow,
“ Like thine, my heart aye bleed.

“ Sweet Elenor, for beauty fam’d,
“ Damsel of Brittany ;
“ I would not live, if that thy woes
“ (Dear maid) could die with me.

“ Ah, would I were a peasant swain,
“ Of humble lineage born !
“ Contented would I tend my flock,
“ Nor heed the proud man’s scorn.

“ Contented by our humble cot,
“ From morn to eve I’d toil ;
“ And think right bounteous my reward,
“ Dear mother, in thy smile.

“ No tumults then, no murd’rous war,

“ Would fright thee with alarms ;

“ And, oh ! no cruel uncle tear

“ Thy children from thy arms.

“ What, tho’ no realms should court our nod,

“ Nor coronets gild our brows ;

“ What are their gold but painted care ?

“ Their gems but glitt’ring woes ?

“ In peace we’d share the frugal meal,

“ And bless the earth’s increase ;

“ The rising sun should hail our joy,

“ And setting gild our peace.

“ And when in calm content and peace

“ We’d past our destin’d hours,

“ Some gentle swain should make our grave,

“ And strew the turf with flow’rs.”

The hapless prince thus strove by plaints

To mitigate his pains,

Till, mad with woe, he beat his breast,

And howling clank’d his chains.

The hollow tow’rs, and winding walls,

His sighs re-echo’d round ;

The distant hills, in dying notes,

Return’d the plaintive sound.

The night, collecting every cloud
That form'd her darkest train,
Seem'd to lament the tale of woe
That broke her silent reign.

And now, tho' all around was dark,
And stormy rain did fall,
A boat came rowing down the stream,
Beneath the castle wall.

The night-birds scream'd a cry of dread,
The death-bell thrice did ring ;
And thrice at Arthur's window bars
A raven flapp'd its wing.

Arthur remark'd th' ill-omen'd sound,
And thrice he trembled sore ;
And thrice he wip'd the clammy drops
That from his brow did pour.

And soon he heard the voice of men
Low wisp'ring at the wall ;
Unhappy Arthur, struck with dread,
To heav'n for help did call.

He heard the gate crack on its hinge,
That led to his abode——
“ Now, heav'n, befriend me !” Arthur cried,
“ For this bodes me no good.”

And now came in the tyrant John,
 With ruffians all arow ;
 A bloody sword was in his hand,
 A frown upon his brow.

As dreads the lamb, when suddenly
 He sees the wolf appear ;
 So hapless Arthur waxed pale,
 To find his fate so near.

Then kneeling quick upon his knee,
 And dropping many a tear,
 He strove to sooth the tyrant's rage,
 With many a piteous prayer.

“ Ah, spare me, royal uncle, spare
 “ A youth beneath thy frown !
 “ Give me but life—give me but peace—
 “ And keep my cursed crown.

“ Oh let me live 'mong peasant swains,
 “ Aye lost to thoughts of state ;
 “ I'll never murmur at the change,
 “ Nor wish for to be great.

“ Oh uncle ! change that cruel frown,
 “ That dark determin'd brow ;
 “ See, see me, tho' unus'd to kneel,
 “ Lay at thy feet thus low.

- “ (Alas ! what words can I invent,
“ His purpose to avert ?
“ Oh teach me, heav’n with force to plead—
“ To touch his ruthless heart.)
- “ And canst thou kill me, uncle dear,
“ And canst thou make me bleed ?
“ And canst thou slay thy brother’s child,
“ That at thy feet doth plead ?
- “ Oh spare me, spare me, noble king !
“ Nor thy own honour stain ;
“ So shall heav’n bless thee for my sake,
“ And prosper long thy reign.
- “ So shall thy name for ages long,
“ Shine bright beyond compare ;
“ And this good act, in honour’s roll,
“ Be aye recorded fair.”
- “ No, Arthur, no ! thou now must die,”
The ruthless tyrant cried :
“ Thy boasted title to my crown
“ Shall no more wound my pride.”
- “ Ah, cruel uncle ! tay thy hand—
“ The deed too late thou’lt moan ;
“ For well I ween its dread effects
“ Shall shake thee from thy throne.

“ And think, when death shall end thy days,
 “ That king of all below,
 “ Shall not this deed add to his darts
 “ Ten thousand pangs of woe?”

“ Enough,” the angry tyrant cried,
 “ The night wears fast away ;
 “ Turn thee to God—for thou must die
 “ Before the dawn of day.”

Th’ affrighted night-birds scream’d and yell’d
 The dreary tow’r around ;
 The river left its oozy bed,
 And sought the meadow ground.

Well may ye scream, ye birds of night,
 As round the tow’rs ye stray ;
 For they have slain the hapless prince,
 Before the dawn of day.

Well mayst thou, Seine, from out thy bed
 Remove thy frightened flood ;
 For they have slain the hapless prince,
 And shed his dear heart’s blood.

Yes, they have slain the hapless prince,
 ’Ere he had time to pray,
 And thrown his body in the flood,
 Before the dawn of day.

They've buried the prince in a watery grave,
With all the speed they may ;
And tyrant John, with the curse of heav'n,
Hath hied him on his way.

XVIII.

PRINCE EDWARD AND ADAM GORDON.

[First printed in this Collection.]

The subject of this ballad is taken from the history of
England, the latter part of the reign of Henry the Third.

To Adam Gordon's gloomy haunt
Prince Edward wound his way :
“ And could I meet with that bold outlaw,
“ In the wold where he doth lay !”

Prince Edward boldly wound his way
The briars and bogs among :
“ And could I but find that bold outlaw,
“ His life should not be long.

“ For he hath harrowed merry Hampshire,
 “ And many a spoil possest ;
 “ A bolder outlaw than this wight
 “ Ne’er trod by east and west.

“ And now come on, my merry men all,
 “ Nor heed the dreary way ;
 “ For could I but meet that bold outlaw,
 “ Full soon I would him slay.

“ And when we meet in hardy fight,
 “ Let no one come between ;
 “ For Adam o’Gordon’s as brave a man
 “ As ever fought on green.”

Then spake a knight, “ It may be long
 “ Ere Gordon you shall find ;
 “ For he doth dwell in a dreary haunt,
 “ Remote from human kind.

“ Among the wolds and deep morass
 “ His lodging he hath ta’en ;
 “ And never that wand’ring wight went in,
 “ That ere came out again.

“ So dark, so narrow, and so drear,
 “ The windings all about,
 “ That scarce the birds that skim the air
 “ Can find their way throughout.”

Prince Edward drew his dark brown sword,
And shook his shining lance :
“ And rather I’d fight this bold outlaw,
“ Than all the peers of France.”

Prince Edward grasp’d his buckler strong,
And proudly marched forth :
“ And rather I’d conquer this bold outlaw,
“ Than all the knights o’ the north.”

And then bespake a valiant knight :
“ Now, prince, thy words make good ;
“ For yonder I see that proud outlaw,
“ A coming forth the wood.”

Then quick the prince lit off his steed,
And onward wound his way ;
“ Now stand ye by, my merry men all,
“ And ye shall see brave play.”

Brave Adam o’ Gordon saw the prince,
As he came forth the wold ;
And soon he knew him by his shield,
And his banners all of gold.

“ Arouze,” he cried, “ my merry men all,
“ And stand ye well your ground ;
“ For yonder great prince Edward comes,
“ For valour so renown’d.”

“ Now welcome, welcome, Adam Gordon,
 “ I’m glad I have thee found ;
 “ For many a day I’ve sought for thee,
 “ Thro’ all the country round.”

“ Now here I swear,” brave Adam cried,
 “ Had I but so been told,
 “ I would have met thee long ere now,
 “ In city or in wold.”

Oh then began as fierce a fight
 As e’er was fought in field :
 The prince was stout, the outlaw strong,
 Their hearts with courage steel’d.

Full many an hour in valiant fight
 These chieftains bold did close ;
 Full many an hour the hills and woods
 Re-echoed with their blows.

Full many a warrior stood around
 That marvellous fight to see,
 While from their wounds the gushing blood
 Ran like the fountain free.

Thrice they agreed, o’erspent with toil,
 To cease their sturdy blows ;
 And thrice they stopp’d to quench their thirst,
 And wipe their bloody brows.

Edward aye lov'd that bravery
Which Adam prov'd in fight,
And, with congenial virtue fir'd,
Resolv'd to do him right.

“ Adam, thy valour charms my soul,
“ I ever love the brave ;
“ And tho' I fear not thy dread sword,
“ Thy honour I would save,

“ Here, Gordon, do I plight my hand,
“ My honour and renown,
“ That, if thou to my sword wilt yield,
“ And my allegiance own—

“ But more—if thou wilt be my friend,
“ And faithful share my heart,
“ I'll ever prove gentle unto thee—
“ We never more will part.

“ Thou, in the raging battle's hour,
Shall aye fight by my side,
“ And at my table and my court,
“ In times of peace preside.

“ When prosperous fate shall gild my throne,
“ Thou shalt partake my joy ;
“ When troubles low'r, to sooth thy prince
Shall be thy sole employ.

“ And I to thee the same will prove,

“ A gentle bosom friend ;

“ In joy to share thy happiness,

“ In woe thy cares to attend.

“ Now, Adam, take thy lasting choice,

“ Thy prince awaits thy word :

“ Accept, brave man, my smile or frown—

“ My friendship or my sword.”—

Brave Adam, struck with wonder, gaz’d—

He sigh’d at every word ;

Then, falling quick upon his knee,

He gave the prince his sword.

Upon the warrior’s dark brown cheek

A tear was seen to shine—

He laid his hand upon his heart—

“ Brave Edward, I am thine.”

The pitying prince the warrior rais’d,

And press’d him to his heart ;

“ Adam, thy prince will be thy friend,—

“ We never more will part.”

A shouting from their followers by

Proclaim’d the joyful sound ;

The hills and woodlands, echoing loud,

Dispers’d the tidings round.

The prince then made that brave outlaw
On his own steed to ride,
With banners rich, and trappings gay,
And he rode by his side.

And when with shouts to Guilford town
This noble train came on,
O'erjoy'd, our royal queen came forth,
To meet her warlike son.

" Fair son, fair son, more dear to me,
" Than all that life can give,
" Full many a day the loss of thee
" Hath caus'd my heart to grieve.

" And whence that stain upon thy shield ?
" That blood upon thy brow ?
" Oh ! thou hast had some desperate fight,
" And didst not let me know.

" Was it among the rebel host
" Thy sword hath got this stain ?
" And are their banners overthrown ?
" And proud earl Derby slain ?

" Or is't where Kenilworth's proud tow'rs
" O'erlook the neighbour plains,
" That thou hast rear'd thy conquering arms,
" And fix'd thy father's reign."

“ Oh ! I’ve not been where Derby’s earl
 “ The rebel cause upholds ;
 “ But I’ve o’ercome a braver man,
 “ ’Mong forests, bogs, and wolds.

“ Nor have I seen proud Kenilworth,
 “ With tow’rs all arow ;
 “ But I’ve o’ercome a braver man
 “ Than Kenilworth ere did know.

“ Adam o’ Gordon is that man,
 “ A braver ne’er was seen,”—
 Then took the warrior by the hand,
 And led him to the queen.

And there the Gordon was caress’d,
 With tilts and revelry ;
 And none in all the tournaments,
 Was found with him to vie.

Where’er the royal Edward fought,
 Brave Gordon aye would wend ;
 And Edward, like a noble prince,
 Was ever Gordon’s friend.

XIX.

CUMNOR HALL.

[First printed in this Collection.]

Cumnor is near Abington, in Berkshire.

The story of the unhappy Countess of Leicester, who was murdered there in Queen Elizabeth's time, may be seen at large in Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, in whose time the ruins of the hall were still standing.—It had been anciently a place of retirement for the monks of Abington.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
(The sounds of busy life were still,)
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
"That thou so oft has sworn to me,
"To leave me in this lonely grove,
"Immur'd in shameful privy?"

- “ No more thou comest with lover’s speed,
 “ Thy once-beloved bride to see ;
 “ But be she alive, or be she dead,
 “ I fear, stern earl, ’s the same to thee.
- “ Not so the usage I receiv’d,
 “ When happy in my father’s hall ;
 “ No faithless husband then me griev’d,
 “ No chilling fears did me appal.
- “ I rose up with the cheerful morn,
 “ No lark more blithe, no flow’r more gay ;
 “ And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
 “ So merrily sung the live-long day.
- “ If that my beauty is but small,
 “ Among court ladies all despis’d ;
 “ Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
 “ Where (scornful earl) it well was priz’d ?
- “ And when you first to me made suit,
 “ How fair I was you oft would say !
 “ And, proud of conquest—pluck’d the fruit,
 “ Then left the blossom to decay.
- “ Yes, now neglected and despis’d
 “ The rose is pale—the lily’s dead—
 “ But he that once their charms so priz’d,
 “ Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

“ For know, when sick’ning grief doth prey
“ And tender love’s repaid with scorn,
“ The sweetest beauty will decay—
“ What flow’ret can endure the storm ?

“ At court I’m told is beauty’s throne,
“ Where every lady’s passing rare ;
“ That eastern flow’rs, that shame the sun,
“ Are not so glowing, not so fair.

“ Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds
“ Where roses and where lilies vie,
“ To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
“ Must sicken—when those gaudes are by ?

“ ’Mong rural beauties I was one,
“ Among the fields wild flow’rs are fair ;
“ Some country swain might me have won,
“ And thought my beauty passing rare.

“ But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong)
“ Or tis not beauty lures thy vows ;
“ Rather ambition’s gilded crown
“ Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“ Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
“ (The injur’d surely may repine,)
“ Why didst thou wed a country maid,
“ When some fair princess might be thine ?

“ Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
 “ And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?
 “ Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
 “ Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?

“ The village maidens of the plain
 “ Salute me lowly as they go ;
 “ Envious they mark my silken train,
 “ Nor think a countess can have woe.

“ The simple nymphs ! they little know,
 “ How far more happy’s their estate—
 “ —To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
 “ —To be content—than to be great.

“ How far less blest am I than them ?
 “ Daily to pine and waste with care !
 “ Like the poor plant, that from its stem
 “ Divided—feels the chilling air.

“ Nor (cruel earl !) can I enjoy
 “ The humble charms of solitude ;
 “ Your minions proud my peace destroy,
 “ By sullen frowns or pratings rude.]

“ Last night, as sad I chanc’d to stray,
 “ The village death-bell smote my ear ;
 “ They wink’d aside, and seem’d to say,
 “ Countess, prepare—thy end is near.

“ And now, while happy peasants sleep,
“ Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
“ No one to soothe me as I weep,
“ Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

“ My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
“ Still that dread death-bell smites my ear ;
“ And many a boding seems to say,
“ Countess, prepare—thy end is near.”

Thus sore and sad that lady griev'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear ;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heav'd,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An ærial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing
Around the tow'rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green ;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
 Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball ;
 For ever since that dreary hour
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall ;
 Nor ever lead the merry dance,
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
 And pensive wept the countess' fall,
 As wand'ring onwards they've espied
 The haunted tow'rs of Cumnor-Hall.

XX.

ARABELLA STUART.

[First printed in this Collection.]

WHERE London's Tow'r its turrets show,
 So stately by the Thames's side,
 Fair Arabella, child of woe,
 For many a day had sat and sigh'd.

And as she heard the waves arise,
And as she heard the bleak winds roar,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her tears did pour.

The sun that joy'd the blithsome day,
The moon that cheer'd the night's dull hour,
Still found the fair to grief a prey,
The victim of tyrannic pow'r.

"And why," that hapless lady cried,
"From royal race am I deriv'd?
"Had I to peasants been allied,
"Happy, tho' poor, I then had liv'd.

"Ambition never won my mind,
"For many its victim I have known;
"Alas! like me, here once confin'd—
"Their hours of peace for ever flown.

"Because by birth to kings allied—
"Ah me! how cruel the pretence!
"My name offends the ear of pride;
"My being born—is my offence.

"Torn from my friends, from all the joys,
"That virtuous freedom can afford;
"But more my bleeding bosom sighs,
"Torn from my love—my wedded lord.

“ Alas, dear youth ! -and must we part,
 “ And shall I see my love no more,
 “ Save when, to sooth my wounded heart,
 “ Beneath my tow’r thy whispers soar ?

“ When the still night, with darksome shade,
 “ Enwraps these dreary walls around,
 “ Anxious, I listen for thy tread,
 “ O’erjoy’d, I hear thy dear voice sound.

“ But who can tell the pangs so keen
 “ That such ill-fated lovers know,
 “ Where tow’rs and bars arise between,
 “ Dark spies above and guards below ?

“ In vain for me the sun doth rise !
 “ In vain to me the moon doth shine !
 “ The smiling earth ne’er cheers my eyes,
 “ Here doom’d in misery to pine.

“ And as I hear the waves arise,
 “ And as I hear the bleak winds roar,
 “ Still still as fast will heave my sighs,
 “ And still so fast my tears must pour.”

Now came her lord with lover’s speed,
 And at the wall thus whisper’d he :
 “ Arise, my love, nor think of dread,
 “ Thy husband’s come to set thee free.”

“ Th’ astonish’d lady rose with speed,
And saw her lover stand below ;—
“ The blessing that so much I need,
“ Oh, how can’st thou on me bestow ?”

“ Oh, I have brib’d the partial fates—
“ Descend this ladder, love, to me—
“ On yonder stream a ship awaits,
“ To waft us o’er the briny sea.”

Fair Arabella heard the tale,
And thrice for joy she turn’d and sigh’d ;
Yet ere she let fond hope prevail,
Thus to the hasty youth she cried :

“ Lord Seymour, well I know thy heart,
“ Thy truth and constancy to me ;
“ Yet ne’er from hence would I depart,
“ If aught of harm should hap to thee,

“ For know, should we in flight be ta’en,
“ ‘Th’ offended crown would have thy life—
“ Stay, lest thy zeal should be our bane,—
“ And break the heart of thy poor wife.”

Oh then lord Seymour waxed pale,
And thrice for grief he sigh’d full sore :
“ And now must all my projects fail,
“ And all my hopes of bliss be o’er ?

“ Too cruel maid ! to let fond fear
 “ Thus dash the hope that ne’er’l return !
 “ Oh come, my love—not wanton tear
 “ The heart that aye for thee doth burn.

“ Dear wife, no more our hopes withstand,
 “ Descend—or we shall meet no more”—
 Then nimble drew her lily hand,
 And down the trembling fair he bore.

And now adown the Thames’ fair stream,
 That lady joyful sail’d away,
 While flatt’ring hope, with silver dream,
 Her bosom sooth’d the live-long day.

And now she cried, “ Adieu to woe !
 “ Smooth as the gentle stream I see,
 “ My future hours in peace shall flow,
 “ Enrich’d with love and liberty.

“ And tho’ I see the waves arise,
 “ And tho’ I hear the rude winds roar,
 “ Yet still no more shall heave my sighs,
 “ Nor down my cheeks the salt tears pour.”

But now the storm began to low’r,
 And ’frighted hope dissolv’d to air,
 (That faithless fantom of an hour !)
 And left the lady to despair.

In vain was spread the swelling sail,
In vain they steer before the wind ;
For tyranny would still prevail,
And strive to chain the free-born mind,

The hapless lady to regain,
Arm'd ships spread all the ocean o'er ;
And grim despair bestrode the main,
To seize the victim of his pow'r.

And they have ta'en that hapless fair,
And to the dreary Tow'r have borne ;
Nor heed the pangs of keen despair,
With which her breaking heart is torn.

There low she lies absorb'd in grief ;
And, more to edge its poignancy,
She trembles for a husband's life,
More dear to her than liberty.

There doom'd her future life to wear,
No more the balm of hope to know,
She yields her to the fiend despair,
That points the barbed dart of woe.

And as she hears the waves arise,
And as she hears the bleak winds roar,
As fast do heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her salt tears pour.

XXI.

ANNA BULLEN, AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

[First printed in this Collection.]

HIGH she sat in regal state,
 Lovely Anna, England's queen
 ('Thoughtless that approaching fate,
 Could so shortly change the scene).

Deckt in robes of loyalty,
 She appear'd some form divine;
 Glorious in that form to see,
 Beauty's throne and virtue's shrine.

Lilies so transcendent fair,
 Roses of the Tyrian dye,
 Could not with her hand compare,
 Could not with her blushes vie.

Round her knights and nobles bow'd,
 Proud to wait beside her throne—
 Anna mild, as Henry proud,
 Smil'd on all, and frown'd on none.

Palefac'd misery, grief and woe,
To her feet did oft repair ;
Bounteous gifts she did bestow,
Generous queen, as good as fair.

Pity form'd her soft and mild,
Apt to weep at woe severe ;
Mercy claim'd her for her child,
And for proof produc'd the tear.

Many a wretch, with joyful breath,
Sav'd from want, her love proclaim ;
Many a miscreant, snatch'd from death,
Grateful bless her bounteous name.

Superstition long had feign'd,
Long had rear'd her haggard head ;
When she heard that Anna reign'd,
Scar'd, she trembled, curs'd, and fled.

Calumny, with artful leer,
Strove to taint her maiden fame ;
Pride was pleas'd the tale to hear,
Envy gladly would proclaim.

But to quell that dark surmize,
Truth her faithful glass applied ;
Truth the envious tale denies,
Pride was humbled—scandal died.

But pale envy, rankling sore,
 Came disguis'd in friendship's name;
 Malice in her breast she bore,
 Bent to bring this queen to shame.

Hapless Rochford, thee their prey
 Thou with others art decreed—
 But sweet Anna, more than they,
 Was the lamb destin'd to bleed.

Sweet innocence, and shall thy charms,
 And must thy virtues plead in vain?
 Torn from her smiling infant's arms,
 Must our lovely queen be slain?

Yes, hapless Anna! thou must fall;
 'Gainst such tyrant's what defence?
 Charms nor virtues can avail,
 Nor thy infant's eloquence.

Thou that wast a friend to all,
 Hast no friend to plead for thee;
 Friendless (tho' an empress) fall,
 Lamb destin'd for butchery.

Hark yon distant hollow groan—
 Hark yon woe-fraught murmurs faint—
 Lo, the hellish deed is done—
 Farewel, Anna, queen, and saint!

Be the deed for ever mourn'd,
Britain, lo ! thy deepest stain !
Loveliest queen, that thee adorn'd,
Thy heard-hearted king hath slain.

Pale that face whose beauty charm'd,
Of whose smiles a king was proud :
Pale those hands a sceptre arm'd,—
Wrapped in a dreary shroud !

Mangled is that neck and breast,
That e'en envy fair allow'd ;
Where all graces were express'd—
Wrapped in a dreary shroud !

Charms, whose lustre bright hath shone,
Now, alas ! shall shine no more ;
Transient charms—for ever flow'n—
Pomp and pow'r—for ever o'er.

Now no more shall those bright eyes
Weep to hear the tale of grief ;
Nor, when pale-fac'd sorrow cries,
Shall those hands extend relief.

But, sweet queen, thou still shalt reign
On a brighter throne above,
Where no fiend thy peace shall stain,
Nor ensnare thy monarch's love.

E'en on earth thy fame shall bloom
 Brighter for th' opposing shade :
 And thy name, in times to come,
 Pure and virtuous be display'd,

And thy grave a hallow'd shrine,
 Tho' but turf the spot adorn :
 There shall many a form divine,
 Guard thy ashes, eve and morn.

Piety (neglected saint !)
 Oft with grief shall wander near ;
 And, in pangs of sad despair,
 On the green turf drop a tear.

There shall come the numerous throng
 Of the wretched thou'st reliev'd,
 Tale to tell, as sweet as long,
 Of the good works thou'st atchiev'd.

Ever shall thy foes be scorn'd,
 And, with heart-felt tears and sighs,
 Shall thy hapless fate be mourn'd—
 For with thee religion dies.

Tyrant Henry, bloody king,
 Dark thy future years shall roll :
 Conscience, with her venom'd sting,
 Long shall lash thy guilty soul.

When more pleasure thou hast had,
Pall'd with beauty, glut with blood,
Thou shalt mourn, tho' now so glad,
Thou shalt die, tho' now so proud.

XXII.

THE LADY AND THE PALMER.

[First printed in this Collection.]

“ **T**HE view of manors stretch'd afar
“ Will not sooth sorrow's pow'r :”
So sang a lady, rich and fair,
As she sat in her bow'r.
“ Tho' foul befall me for my meed,
“ And foul be thought the word ;
“ Would heav'n me speed, alive or dead,
“ To see my absent lord !”

'Twas 'bout the time of curfew bell,
 When, all in black array,¹
 With cross to pray, and beads to tell,
 A Palmer came that way.
 "Go, page, and call thy lady fair;"
 Aloud he did command;
 "Tell her a Palmer's waiting here,
 "Come from the holy land."

The Palmer saw that foot-page run,
 (As he rang at the ring,)
 The Palmer look'd till the bow'r he won,
 And heard the lady sing :
 "Tho' foul befall me for my meed,
 "And foul be thought the word,
 "Would heav'n me speed, alive or dead,
 "To see my absent lord!"

"Now welcome, holy Palmer, and tell
 "Thy tidings unto me."
 "Oh, lady, it is not many a day,
 "Since I thy lord did see."
 "Oh when will he adone with the wars?
 "Sweet Palmer tell to me."
 "Oh lady, he's now adone with the wars,
 "In truth I tell to thee."

“ Alas ! what wounds hath he got i’th’ field ?

“ Dear Palmer tell to me.”

“ Oh, he has had wounds, but now they’re heal’d,

“ In truth I tell to thee.”

“ But is there no token that he hath sent,

“ No token of love to me ?

“ No relique o’ the rood, or pearl orient,

“ Or gaude of the east country ?”

“ Oh, I’ve no relique, or eastern gaude,

“ Fair lady, to bring to thee ;

“ But I come to tell that thy hapless lord—

“ Is dying in the east country.”

Oh then that lady’s groans and cries

Re-echoed piteously ;

The tears that fell from her brilliant eyes

Ran like the fountain free.

“ Oh Palmer, ill befall to thee,

“ For what thou tellest me !

“ But now will I wend to the east country,

“ My dying lord to see.

“ And tho’ foul befall me for my meed,

“ And foul be thought the word,

“ Good heav’n me speed ! for, alive or dead, .

“ I’ll see my dearest lord.

“ And now, my foot-page, run, I pray,
 “ On thy lady’s last, last boon ;
 “ Get a pilgrim’s gown of black or of gray,
 “ With scrip and sandal shoon :
 “ And take these silken gaudes with thee,
 “ And take this kirtle o’ green ;
 “ For ’tis not befitting widows, like me,
 “ In such garb to be seen.

“ And cut these wanton locks, I pray,
 “ And take my gold rings three ;
 “ For in pilgrim’s garb I’ll take my way
 “ To my lord in the east country.
 “ And now tho’ foul befall my meed,
 “ And foul be thought the word,
 “ Good heav’n me speed ! for, alive or dead,
 “ I’ll see my dearest lord.”

Then up arose that Palmer man,
 Amaz’d such lovè to see ;
 For the lady already some paces had ran,
 In her way to the east country.
 “ Lady, stay ! for from th’ holy land
 “ Thy lord’s last words I bring ;
 “ And lo ! to my care, from off his hand,
 “ He pledg’d this golden ring.”

The lady sprang, and seiz'd the ring,
And a show'r of tears she shed ;
“ Now I know by this pledge, that thou dost bring,
“ That my dear lord is dead.
“ Yet still, tho' foul befall my meed,
“ And foul be thought the word,
“ Would heav'n me speed ! tho' he be dead,
“ I'd see my dear-lov'd lord.”

“ Oh weep not, lady, weep not so,
“ Nor 'gainst thy sad fate strive ;
“ For shouldst thou see him, thou well dost know,
“ Thou couldst not make him live.
“ But calm thy mind, oh lady fair !
“ But calm thy mind, I pray ;
“ Nor let that cursed fiend despair
“ Thus 'whelm thee with dismay.”

“ Oh cruel Palmer ! say not so,
“ Nor think to comfort me ;
“ And tho' 'twould but increase my woe,
“ My dead lord I would see.”
“ Alas ! alas ! thou lady fair !—
“ But if it so must be,
“ I can by learned lore declare,
“ How thou thy lord may'st see.”

“ Oh say'st thou so, thou Palmer dear ?

“ Now shalt thou have gold and fee :

“ Then tell me, Palmer, tell me, where

“ My dead lord I may see ?

Then quick that wily Palmer led

The lady to the bow'r,

And in a book full long he read,

While fast her tears did pour.

“ Oh I know well, by this black book,

“ That he'll appear this night ;

“ But white and ghastly he will look,

“ And will thee much affright.”

“ Oh I care not,” the lady said ;

“ Tho' foul be thought the word,

“ Would heav'n me speed ! tho' he be dead,

“ I'd see my dearest lord.”

“ On yon kirk-green, at dark midnight,

“ Thy dead lord will appear :

“ Far off you'll see his hapless sprite—

“ But, lady—go not near.

“ So now go chaunt full many a prayer,

“ Devout upon thy knee ;

“ And to the kirk-green at night repair,

“ Thy dead lord for to see.”

Now rose the moon with solemn pride,
Sweet night's enchanting queen,
And o'er the lonely kirk-yard wide
Was shed her silver sheen.
And then came forth that lady fair,
And to the kirk-green went—
Cold blew the blast—and her sweet hair,
Was all with dew besprent.

And now the hours had gone their round,
And dreary was the green,
And nought was heard save the lone sound
Of the blast that blew so keen.
Yet still she sigh'd, "Tho' foul my meed,
"And foul be thought the word,
"Would heav'n me speed ! tho' he be dead,
"I'd see my dear-lov'd lord."

Scarce had she spoke ; when from the east
A ghostly form did glide—
She started wild—she smote her breast—
And on the kirk-green died.
The Palmer threw aside the sheet,
And frantic rav'd and cried ;
Then curs'd his avarice indiscreet,
And by the lady died.——

XXIII.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

[First printed in this Collection.]

THE night was dark, the blast blew cold,
And loud the tempest roar'd ;
Blue lightnings flash'd from pole to pole,
The stormy torrent pour'd ;
Mankind, both high and low, in bed
Were shelter'd safe and warm ;
Save one distracted maid, who fled
'Mong all the thickest storm.

And ever and anon she sped
Where most the tempest pour'd,
And where the thunders overhead
With loudest terror warr'd :
Thro' lonesome dell or dreary glade,
Or kirk-yard graves among,
She wander'd all wild, and thus (poor maid)
With madlike glee she sung :

“ Beat, beat, ye winds ; ye torrents, pour ;
“ Fight, warring clouds above ;
“ Flash, lightnings, flash ; loud thunders roar ;
“ But hurt not my true love :
“ For him I seek both night and day,
“ For him bewilder’d rove ;
“ Ye lightnings, light me on my way,
“ In search of my true love.”

“ For him I bear the summer’s burn,
“ And brave the wintry wind ;
“ And day and night for him I mourn,
“ For he has prov’d unkind ;
“ Ye torrents, rush ; ye thunders, roar ;
“ Flash, flash, thou angry sky ;
“ For I shall see my love no more,
“ And I for him will die.

“ The cold, cold night is dark and drear,
“ And I cannot find my love ;
“ Ah me !—I’ve search’d both far and near ;
“ Where, wanderer, canst thou rove ?
“ But I’ll pursue and stop thy speed—
“ And oh ! for thy scorn to me,
“ I’ll make thy heart like mine to bleed,
“ And then I’ll die with thee.”

A valiant knight was riding by,
 All in the stormy rain ;
 And he heard the hapless damsel sigh,
 And bitterly complain.
 She frantic o'er the wild heath sprung,
 And frantic cried aloud ;
 Then stopp'd the knight, and thus she sung,
 While he all wondring stood :

“ Oh turn, sir knight, thy milk-white steed,
 “ And hear my mournful song ;
 “ And then in valiant knightly deed
 “ Return and right my wrong :
 “ I lov'd a knight, and lov'd him true,
 “ And constant love he swore,
 “ But he's prov'd false, and I must rue—
 “ And I must still deplore.

“ He lives at yonder glitt'ring tow'r,
 “ He lives nor thinks of me ;
 “ Oh knight, I'd bless thy valor's pow'r,
 “ Could I the traitor see :
 “ Then turn, sir knight, thy milk-white steed,
 “ The way it is not long ;
 “ And may th' lady you best love be thy meed,
 “ If thou wilt right my wrong !”

“ Yes, I will right thy wrong, fair maid,”
The gentle knight replied ;
“ But I can see no tow’r display’d,
“ The darksome night doth hide.”
“ Oh yes, on yonder hill,” she cried,
“ That faithless knight doth dwell ;
“ ’Twas thro’ the lightnings gleam-I spied
“ The glitt’ring tow’r full well.”

“ If on my steed, poor maid, thou’lt ride,
“ My steed shall carry thee.”
“ Yes, knight, I’ll go,” the maid replied,
“ The combat for to see.”
And now they rode with hasty speed,
And soon they reach’d the hill,
And soon they reach’d the tow’r decreed
Their purpose to fulfill.

PART THE SECOND.

- "Arouse ! arouse ! thou faithless knight,
 "Arouse ! thou stony breast."
 "Who dares," he cried, "in this dread night,
 "Who dares disturb my rest ?"
 "It's thy true love, whom thou didst slight,
 "That calls thee from thy bed :
 "Arouse ! arouse ! thou faithless knight,
 "Arouse to fight or wed !"

The knight arose and op'd the gate,
 And saw his love stand there——
 Her face, that was so fair of late,
 Was stain'd with many a tear :
 Her lips, once red as autumn fruit,
 Were pallid now and coarse ;
 Her voice, once sweet as the silver lute,
 Was now as the raven's hoarse.

A faded wreath was upon her brow,
Her gown all rude and rent ;
And her hair, that once so bright did flow,
Was all with dew besprent.

“ I am thy own true love, dear knight,

“ And I am come to wed,

“ In my bridal garments all bedight,

“ And my garland on my head.

“ To the holy kirk, love, we'll repair,

“ As bride and bridegroom gay ;

“ The lightnings, that around us glare,

“ Shall cheer us on the way :

“ Of the green, green grass, so soft with dew,

“ We'll make our bridal bed ;

“ And of hemlock fair, and nightshade blue,

“ A pillow for our head.

“ The thunders, that so loudly roar,

“ Shall be our musick, love ;

“ And we will sing while the rain doth pour,

“ So merrily we will rove :

“ And when I'm dead, with my bridal ring

“ Let me be laid full low ;

“ And over the green turf dance and sing,

“ For my heart shall leave its woe !”

The knight he trembled sad and sore,
 As he saw his true love stand ;
 She sprang and kist him o'er and o'er—
 But he push'd back her hand.
 " Oh fight," she cried, " my stranger knight,
 " Oh fight, for thou art strong ;
 " Lo ! he returns my love with spite,
 " Revenge a maiden's wrong."

" Go get," he cried, " thy sword and shield,
 " And get thy helm and spear ;
 " For I will make thy proud heart yield,
 " To revenge this damsel dear."
 " Yes, I will get my sword and shield,
 " And I will get my spear ;
 " For there's no knight to whom I'll yield,
 " No knight whom I will fear."

Then fought those knights all in the field,
 They fought for many an hour ;
 They broke their spears, they cleav'd their shields,
 And their blood in streams did pour ;
 And thrice they stopp'd, with toil o'erspent,
 To wipe their bleeding brow ;
 And thrice they drank, with one consent,
 Where the purling stream did flow.

And while they fought with hardy wroth,
The mad maid sat and sung :
“ Fight on, fight on, my champions both,
“ The woodland hills among ;
“ And he that lives shall have my troth,
“ I'll twine our hearts in one :
“ Fight on, fight on, my champions both,
“ Till the bloody victory 's won.

“ I'll weave a shroud for him that's slain,
“ And fast my tears shall flow :
“ Fight on, my knights, to sooth my pain,
“ For my heart is sick with woe ;
“ I'll sing and pray for him that's slain,
“ And mourn both day and night ;
“ For 'tis my heart's blood your shields doth stain,
“ My woes—for which ye fight.”

Full long they fought, until, o'ercome,
The faithless knight did fall :
“ Wrong'd maid,” he cried, “ thy cause hath won,
“ Come hear my dying call.”
Then up she sprang in frantic mood,
And kiss'd his pale, pale cheek ;
And, frantic, drank the smoaking blood,
That from his wounds did reek.

“ O this flows from that heart,” she cried,

“ That caused me so dear ;

“ But now, in a rushing crimson tide,

“ It pays me tear for tear.”

Then from the gaping wounded side

His quiv’ring heart she tore,

And to the knight, with frantic pride,

The bloody prize she bore.

“ Oh this the stony heart,” she cried,

“ That caus’d my tears to flow,

“ And made me roam the land so wide,

“ In all the pangs of woe :”

Then to the dead knight did she hie,

And laid her by his side ;

She kiss’d the heart, and with a sigh—

That hapless mad maid died.

XXIV.

THE BRIDAL BED.

[First printed in this Collection.]

IT was a maid of low degree
Sat on her true love's grave,
And with her tears most piteously
The green turf she did lave ;
She strew'd the flow'rs, she pluck'd the weed,
And show'rs of tears she shed :
" Sweet turf," she cried, " by fate decreed
" To be my bridal bed !

" I've set thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r
" Of manhood lieth here ;
" And water'd thee with plenteous show'r
" Of many a briny tear."
And still she cried, " Oh stay, my love,
" My true-love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee.

- “ I pluck’d thee, weed, for that no weed
 “ Did in his bosom grow ;
 “ But sweetest flow’rs from virtue’s seed,
 “ Did there spontaneous blow :
 “ But ah ! their beauteous tints no more
 “ Their balmy fragrance shed,
 “ And I must strew this meaner flow’r,
 “ To deck my bridal bed.
- “ Sweet turf, thy green more green appears,
 “ Tears make thy verdure grow,
 “ Then still I’ll water thee with tears,
 “ That thus profusely flow.
- “ Oh stay for me, departed youth,
 “ My true-love, stay for me ;
 “ Stay till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
 “ And I will follow thee.
- “ This is the flow’ry wreath he wove,
 “ To deck his bride, dear youth !
 “ And this the ring with which my love
 “ To me did plight his troth ;
 “ And this dear ring I was to keep,
 “ And with it to be wed——
 “ But here, alas ! I sigh and weep,
 “ To deck my bridal bed.”

A blithsome knight came riding by,
And, as the bright moon shone,
He saw her on the green turf lie,
And heard her piteous moan ;
For loud she cried, " Oh stay, my love,
" My true-love, stay for me ;
" Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee."

" Oh say," he cried, " fair maiden, say,
" What cause doth work thy woe.
" That on a cold grave thou dost lay,
" And fast thy tears o'erflow."
" Oh ! I have cause to weep for woe,
" For my true-love is dead ;
" And thus, while fast my tears o'erflow,
" I deck my bridal bed."

" Be calm, fair maid," the knight replied,
" Thou art too young to die ;
" But go with me, and be my bride,
" And leave the old to sigh."—
But still she cried, " Oh stay, my love,
" My true-love stay for me ;
" Stay 'till I've deckt my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee."

“ Oh leave,” he cried, “ this grief so cold,
 “ And leave this dread despair,
 “ And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,
 “ A lady rich and fair :
 “ Thou shalt have halls and castles fair :
 “ And when, sweet maid, we wed,
 “ O thou shalt have much costly gear,
 “ To deck thy bridal bed.”

“ Oh hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,
 “ Nor urge me to despair ;
 “ With thee my troth I will not plight,
 “ For all thy proffers fair :
 “ But I will die with my own true-love—
 “ My true-love, stay for me ;
 “ Stay till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
 “ And I will follow thee.

“ Thy halls and castles I despise,
 “ This turf is all I crave ;
 “ For all my hopes, and all my joys,
 “ Lie buried in this grave :
 “ I want not gold, nor costly gear,
 “ Now my true-love is dead ;
 “ But with fading flow’r and scalding tear
 “ I deck my bridal bed.”

“ Oh ! be my bride, thou weeping fair,

“ Oh ! be my bride, I pray ;

“ And I will build a tomb most rare,

“ Where thy true love shall lay :”

But still with tears she cried, “ My love,

“ My true-love, stay for me ;

“ Stay ’till I’ve deck’t my bridal bed,

“ And I will follow thee.

“ My love needs not a tomb so rare,

“ In a green grave we will lie ;

“ Our carv’d works— these flow’rets fair,

“ Our canopy—the sky.

“ Now go, sir knight, now go thy ways—

“ Full soon I shall be dead—

“ And then return, in some few days,

“ And deck my bridal bed.

“ And strew the flow’r, and pluck the thorn,

“ And cleanse the turf, I pray ;

“ So may some hand thy turf adorn,

“ When thou in grave shalt lay.

“ But stay, oh thou whom dear I love,

“ My true-love, stay for me ;

“ Stay till I’ve deck’t my bridal bed,

“ And I will follow thee.”

- “ No, maid, I will not go my ways,
 “ Nor leave thee here alone ;
 “ Nor, while despair upon thee preys,
 “ Neglect thy woeful moan :
 “ But I will stay and share thy woe,
 “ My tears with thine I'll shed ;
 “ And help thee pluck the flow'r, to strew
 “ O'er thy sad bridal bed.”

Now from the church came forth the priest,
 His midnight chaunt was done,
 And much the hapless maid he prest
 To cease her piteous moan :
 For still she cried, “ Oh stay, my love,
 “ My true-love, stay for me ;
 “ Stay till I've deckt my bridal bed,
 “ And I will follow thee.”

- “ Oh ! kneel with me,” he cried, “ dear maid,
 “ Oh ! kneel in holy prayer ;
 “ Haply kind heav'n may send thee aid,
 “ And sooth thy dread despair.”
 “ I blame not heav'n,” the maid replied,
 “ But mourn my true-love dead ;
 “ And on his green grave I will 'bide,
 “ For 'tis my bridal bed.”

The hapless maid knelt down, for fear
That holy priest should blame ;
But still with every hallow'd prayer,
She sigh'd her true love's name,
And softly cried, " Oh stay, my love,
" My true-love stay for me ;
" Stay 'till I've deckt my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee."

" Enough, enough, thou sore-tried dear !"
The weeping knight exclaim'd ;
" Enough, I've tried thee, matchless fair,
" And be the trial blam'd :
" I am thy love, thy own true-love,
" And I am comè to wed ;
" Nor shall this turf thy green grave prove,
" Nor be thy bridal bed.

" I am a knight of noble name,
" And thou of low degree ;
" So like a shepherd poor I came,
" To prove thy constancy."
" But she, with woe forlorn, still cried,
" My true-love stay for me ;
" Stay 'till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
" And I will follow thee."

Again, "Enough, thou sore-tried maid!"

The knight in tears exclaim'd ;

"See at thy feet thy true-love laid,

"Of all his guile asham'd.

"Forgive me, maid—my love now prove—

"And let us instant wed ;

"And thou with tears of joy, my love,

"Shall deck thy bridal bed."

"And art thou him?"—exclaim'd the maid,

"And dost thou live?"—she cried :

"Too cruel love!"—she faintly said—

Then wrung his hand—and died—

Stay," cried the knight, all woe-begone,

"Now stay, my love, for me ;

"Stay 'till I've deckt our bridal bed,

"And I will follow thee."

In vain the priest, with holy lore,

By turns did sooth and chide ;

The knight, distracted, wept full sore,

And on the green turf died—

And underneath (may heav'n them save !)

The lovers both were laid ;

And thus, in truth, the green-turf grave

Became their bridal bed.

XXV.

THE LORDLING PEASANT.

[First printed in this Collection.]

THE baron sat on his castle wall,
And beheld both dale and down ;
The manors that stretch'd so far around
He knew to be all his own.

The warders blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air ;
Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
Their banners shone afar.

The baron he sigh'd as he look'd above,
And he sigh'd as he look'd adown,
Altho' the rich manors that stretch'd so far
He knew to be all his own.

Up then arose his ancient nurse,
That had borne him on her knee ;
“ And why dost thou sigh, thou noble youth,
“ At a sight so fair to see ?”

And again bespake that ancient nurse,
 That had born him on her knee :
 “ And why dost thou sigh ? it’s all thy own
 “ That thou so far dost see.”

Oh then bespake that noble baron,
 “ And heavily spake he :
 “ But I’ve never a true and faithful wife,
 “ To share it all with me.

“ And if I should marry a courtly dame,
 “ (Alas, that it so should be !)
 “ She’d love my castles and love my lands,
 “ But she would not care for me.”

Oh then bespake that ancient nurse :
 “ Now take advice of me ;
 “ If you’d have a true wife, then go and wed
 “ Some maiden of low degree.

“ And be disguis’d in plain attire,
 “ Like some young peasant rove,
 “ And let her not know thy high degree ;
 “ So shalt thou prove her love.”

Then called the baron his young foot page,
 Full loudly called he ;
 The bonny foot-page full swiftly ran,
 And knelt upon his knee.

“ Oh hark thee well, my young foot-page,
“ To what I tell to thee ;
“ And keep thee my secret faithfully,
“ And thou shalt have gold and fee.

“ Go bring me here a peasant's coat,
“ With hose and shoone also,
“ And artfully disguise my face,
“ That no one may me know.

“ And when I go, and when I come,
“ Let no one know from thee ;
“ But keep thee my secret faithfully,
“ And thou shalt have gold and fee.”

The sun-beams gilt the distant hills,
And on the streams did play,
When, in a peasant's homely garb,
That baron took his way.

The early pilgrim blithe he hail'd,
That o'er the hills did stray ;
And many an early husbandman,
That he met on his way.

The new-wak'd birds their matins sung,
In wildly warbling lay,
While thro' full many a lonely path
The baron took his way.

And blithe and merrily did he wend,
 And blithe and merrily hied,
 Until he came to a rural cot,
 Where a maiden fair did 'bide.

Tho' lowly and unknown to fame,
 This maid was passing fair ;
 Like some sweet violet, that in vale
 Sequester'd, scents the air.

Sweet was the melody of her voice
 The woodland wilds among ;
 So sweet—that woodweles* on the spray
 Sat list'ning to her song.

But, more than all, her youthful heart
 Was fraught with virtue's lore ;
 More fair, more tender, and more true,
 Was maiden ne'er before.

The maiden stood at her cottage gate,
 Her nursling lambs to feed,
 And she saw the blithsome stranger youth
 Come tripping o'er the mead.

The maiden stood beside her cot,
 To view the morning scene,
 And she saw the blithsome stranger youth
 Come tripping o'er the green.

* A species of thrush ; the ouzle.

And lo! with many a fond excuse,
The youth would there remain ;
While many a wily tale he told,
Her simple heart to gain.

And soon her sighs and blushes told
She did the youth approve ;
For where's the maid that can resist
The vows of faithful love.

“ Lo I've a cottage—and I've a cow—
“ And many a sheep beside—
“ And I've a field of ripening corn—
“ And I'll make thee my bride !”

The list'ning damsel heard his vows,
And thrice for joy she sigh'd ;
She thought the young peasant passing rich,
And vow'd to be his bride.

And oft her mother heard the tale,
Nor did the dame repine :
“ And if thou canst keep her, stranger youth,
“ The damsel shall be thine.”

Oh then “ Farewell, my charming fair,”
The lordling peasant cried ;
“ For I must wend for many a mile,
“ 'Ere I can take a bride.”

“ Oh say not so, thou stranger youth,

“ Oh say not so, I pray ;

“ For if thou dost go, oh I shall rue

“ That e'er you came this way.”

“ Oh I must go, thou charming maid,”

The lordling peasant cried ;

“ For I must wend for many a mile,

“ 'Ere I can take a bride.”

“ Oh say not so, thou stranger youth,

“ Oh say not so, I pray ;

“ For ever, until thou comest again,

“ Must I weep the livelong day.”

“ Yes, I must go, thou charming maid,

“ I can no longer stay ;

“ Tho' ever, until I here return,

“ Must I moan the livelong day.

“ But if before I come again,

“ This passing month shall slide,

“ Oh then no more await for me,

“ But be another's bride :

“ For death may meet me on the way,

“ And from thy arms divide ;

“ Or dire misfortune blast my joys,

“ And 'rive me of my bride.”

Oh then fast flow'd that maiden's tears,
While tenderly she cried :
“ Believe me, dear youth, tho' thou shouldst die,
“ I'll be no other's bride.”

The maiden's face with grief was sad—
Her cheek was wet with tears—
So the pale lily, besprent with rain,
Or dew-dropt rose, appears.

And now for many a weary mile
Her lover hied his way ;
The murmuring winds, that then did blow,
Did waft his sighs that day.

And when he came to his own domain,
And to his castle gate,
His foot-page faithfully did wait
To let him in thereat.

The warders blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air ;
The horns resounded o'er the dale,
The banners shone afar.

SECOND PART.

And now for many weeks and months
 The baron he did stay ;
 Nor did he seek his dear-lov'd maid
 For many a livelong day.

And altho' the tender sigh it cost,
 And heartfelt tear did move,
 Full many a month he stay'd away,
 Her constancy to prove.

At length he call'd his knights and squires,
 And neighbours of his degree,
 To travel in all the pomp of state,
 The lovely maid to see.

And he hath call'd his young foot-page,
 And thus full loud did say :
 " With costly gems, and with robes of state,
 " Oh deck me forth this day !"

And now with gay and gallant train
 That baron took his way ;
 The golden sun that so bright doth shine,
 Did gild his pomp that day.

Blithsome they blew their sounding horns,
And their banners wav'd in air ;
Their horns resounded o'er the hills,
Their banners shone afar.

The maiden stood at her garden pale,
In hopes her love t' espy ;
And every peasant that she saw,
She heav'd a heartfelt sigh.

“ Alas, and woe is me ! ” she cried,
“ Could I my love but see !
“ I fear the stranger youth is dead,
“ Or thinks no more of me.”

Thus sigh'd the maid as o'er the plain
She look'd for her true love,
When sudden she saw the gallant train,
Towards her cottage move.

And soon the baron hath cross'd the green,
And caught her by the hand,
And so tender hath kiss'd her blushing cheek,
As trembling she did stand.

He sat the maid upon his knee,
And gently sooth'd her fears ;
And often prest her gallantly,
To dry her causeless tears.

Then pressing soft her trembling hand,
 With artful smiles, he cried :
 “ Fair maid, I’ve heard thy beauty’s fame,
 “ And thou shalt be my bride.”

The maiden sigh’d to hear his words,
 Nor could his fondness move ;
 For little she thought this baron gay,
 Was her own dear true love.

“ Yet still,” he cried, “ tho’ I’m a lord,
 “ And renowned is my name,
 “ Yet thou, beauteous maid, if thou canst love—
 “ Shalt be my courtly dame.

“ Rich robes of state shall deck thy form,
 “ And a coronet gild thy brow ;
 “ And a castle shalt thou have for dow’r,
 “ With manors high and low.

“ Thy ’squires shall sound their golden horns,
 “ And their banners wave in air ;
 “ Their horns re-echoing many a mile,
 “ Their banners shining far.”

The maiden but sigh’d at all his bribes,
 Her faith they could not move ;
 For little she thought this baron gay
 Could be her own true love.

Thus tho' to gain the maiden's hand,
This gallant baron strove,
Yet still his grandeurs she all despis'd,
For the youth that she did love.

And tho' her angry mother tried,
Her constant heart to move,
As vain were her mother's cruel threats,
As the baron's golden love.

And now night came on, and o'er the plain,
The moon's pale glimm'ring shone,
When the hapless maiden took her way,
All friendless and alone.

All friendless and alone she sped,
And hapless did she rove,
O'er many a hill and many a dale,
In search of her true love.

And now the pale, pale moon was gone,
And stormy clouds did low'r;
Her sighings added to the winds,
Her tears encreas'd the show'r.

Yet still o'er dreary heath and hill
This hapless maid did rove;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heav'd,
As she sought for her true love.

And tho' full loud the thunders roll'd,
 And wet, wet pour'd the rain ;
 Yet still, in search of her dear-lov'd youth,
 She brav'd the stormy plain.

Rous'd with the roaring of the storm,
 The baron up arose,
 And soon in search of his beauteous maid
 With anxious speed he goes.

But lo ! the hapless maid was gone, \\
 Thro' desarts wild to rove,
 Alas ! all so friendless and forlorn,
 In search of her true love.

Oh then that baron storm'd and rav'd,
 And his foot-page loud call'd he—
 “ Oh bring to me quick my peasant garb,
 “ As quick as ye can flee.”——

Oh then rode forth this young baron
 O'er many a dreary way,
 When alas ! all on the stormy plain
 He saw the maiden lay—

—O'ercome with toil and spent with grief,
 That hapless maid had fell—
 —The baron he wip'd his quiv'ring brow,
 While his heart it 'gan to swell.

He got him water from the brook,
And sprinkled o'er the maid :
But many a tear, that from him fell,
Lent most its saving aid.

Right glad he mark'd her struggling breath,
And blush-reviving face,
While tender he welcom'd her to life
With many a fond embrace.

Then soon he rais'd her on his steed,
With heart so blithe and gay ;
And while the dear maid so soft he sooth'd,
To his castle rode away.

“ And art thou found, my own true love,
“ And art thou come ? ” she said :
“ Then blest be the night, and blest the hour,
“ When from our cot I fled ! ”

Thus spake the maid as fast they rode
Thro' many a lonely way ;
And she thought to his humble cot
Her love would her convey.

But soon they reach'd the castle wall,
And came to the castle gate,
When lo ! her dear youth, without delay,
Rode boldly in thereat.

The warders blew their sounding horns,
 And their banners wav'd in air ;
 Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
 Their banners shone afar.

Thrice turn'd the maiden wan and pale,
 And with fear her heart was mov'd,
 When she saw the lordly baron was
 The stranger youth she lov'd.

But blithe, he cried, " Cheer up, my fair,
 " And forgive my pride, I pray ;
 " And lo ! for thy faith so nobly prov'd,
 " Be this thy bridal day.

" Cheer up, cheer up, dear constant maid,
 " And share in our mirth and glee ;
 " For until the woeful hour of death,
 " I'll ever prove true to thee.

" Altho' thou wast but a lowly maid,
 " Thou'rt now my countess gay ;
 " Then come, cheer up, my angel so true,
 " For 'tis our bridal day."

The wardens blew their sounding horns,
 And their banners wav'd in air ;
 Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
 Their banners shone afar.

XXV.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

[First printed in this Collection.]

“ **B**LOW, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
“ And thy banner wave on high ;
“ For the Christians have fought in th’ holy land,
“ And have won the victory.”
Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav’d on high :
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung ;
“ And the feast eat merrily.”

Then bright the castle banners shone
On every tow’r on high,
And all the minstrels sang aloud,
For the Christians victory :
And loud the warder blew his horn,
On every turret high ;
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
“ And the feast eat merrily.”

The warder look'd from the tow'r on high,
As far as he could see :

" I see a bold knight, and, by his red cross,
" He comes from the east country."

Then loud that warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse,

" There comes a bold knight, and on his shield bright
" He beareth a flaming cross."

Then down the lord of the castle came,
The red-cross knight to meet ;

And when the red cross knight he 'spied,
Right loving he did him greet :

" Thou'rt welcome here, sir red-cross knight,
" For thy fame's well known to me ; [rung,
" And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
" And we'll feast right merrily."

" Oh I am come from the holy land,
" Where Christ did live and die ;

" Behold the device I bear on my shield,
" The red-cross knight am I :

" And we have fought in the holy land,
" And we've won the victory ;

" For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
" And made the proud Pagans fly."

“Thou’rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight,

“Come lay thy armour by ;

“And for the good tidings thou dost bring,

“We’ll feast us merrily :

“For all in my castle shall rejoice,

“That we’ve won the victory ; [be rung,

“And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall

“And the feast eat merrily.”

“Oh I cannot stay,” cried the red-cross knight,

“But must go to my own country,

“Where manors and castles will be my reward,

“And all for my bravery.”

“Oh say not so, thou red-cross knight,

“But if you’ll ’bide with me,

“With manors so wide, and castles beside,

“I’ll honour thy bravery.”

“I cannot stay,” cried the red-cross knight,

“Nor can I bide with thee ;

“But I must haste to my king and his knights,

“Who’re waiting to feast with me.”

“Oh mind them not, dear red-cross knight,

“But stay and feast with me ;

“And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,

“And we’ll banquet merrily.”

" I cannot stay," cried the red-cross knight,
 " Nor can I feast with thee :
 " But I must haste to a pleasant bow'r,
 " Where a lady's waiting for me."
 " Oh say not so, dear red-cross knight,
 " Nor heed that fond lady ;
 " For she can't compare with my daughter so fair,
 " And she shall attend on thee."

" Now must I go," cried the red-cross knight,
 " For that lady I'm to wed ;
 " And the feast guests and bride maids all are met,
 " And prepared the bridal bed."
 " Now nay, now nay, thou red-cross knight,
 " My daughter shall wed with thee ;
 " And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 " And we'll feast right merrily."

And now the silver lute's sweet sound
 Re-echo'd thro' the hall ;
 And in that lord's fair daughter came,
 With her ladies clad in pall.
 That lady was deckt in costly robes,
 And shone as bright as day ;
 And with courtesy sweet the knight she did greet.
 And press'd him for to stay.

“Right welcome, brave sir red-cross knight,
“Right welcome unto me,
“And here I hope long time thou’lt stay,
“And bear us company,
“And for thy exploits in the holy land,
“That hath gain’d us the victory,
“The mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
“And we’ll feast right merrily.”

“Tho’ ever thou press me, lady fair,
“I cannot stay with thee.”
That lady frown’d to hear that knight
So slight her courtesy.

“It grieves me much, thou lady fair,
“That here I cannot stay;
“For a beauteous lady is waiting for me,
“Whom I’ve not seen many a day.”

“Now fie on thee, uncourteous knight,
“Thou shouldst not say me nay;
“As for the lady, that’s waiting for thee,
“Go see her another day.
“So say no more, but stay, brave knight,
“And bear us company; [be rung,
“And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall
“And we’ll all feast merrily.”

PART THE SECOND.

And as the lady press'd the knight,

With her ladies clad in pall,

Oh then bespake a pilgrim boy,

As he stood in the hall :

“ Now Christ thee save, sir red-cross knight,

“ I'm come from the north country,

“ Where a lady is laid all on her death bed,

“ And evermore calls for thee.”

“ Alas ! alas ! thou pilgrim boy,

“ Sad news thou tellest me :

“ Now must I ride full hastily

“ To comfort that dear lady.”

“ Oh heed him not,” the lady cried,

“ But send a page to see ;

“ While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,

“ And we feast merrily.”

Again bespake the pilgrim boy :

“ Ye need not send to see,

“ For know, sir knight, that lady’s dead,

“ And died for love of thee.”

Oh then the red-cross knight was pale,

And not a word could say ;

But his heart did swell, and his tears down fell,

And he almost swoon’d away.

“ Now fie on thee, thou weakly knight,

“ To weep for a lady dead :

“ Were I a noble knight like thee,

“ I’d soon find another to wed.

“ So come, cheer up, and comfort thy heart,

“ And be good company ;

“ And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,

“ And we’ll feast thee merrily.”

In vain that wily lady strove

The sorrowing knight to cheer ;

Each word he answer’d with a groan,

Each soothing with a tear :

“ And now farewell, thou noble lord,

“ And farewell, lady fair ;

“ In pleasure and joy your hours employ,

“ Nor think of my despair.

“ And where is her grave,” cried the red-cross knight,
 “ The grave where she doth lay ?”
 “ Oh I know well,” cried the pilgrim boy,
 “ And I’ll show thee the way.”
 The knight was sad—the pilgrim sigh’d—
 While the warder loud did cry,
 “ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 “ And the feast eat merrily.”

Meanwhile arose the lord’s daughter,
 And to her ladies did call :
 “ Oh what shall we say to stay the knight ?
 “ For he must not leave the hall.”
 (For much that lady was in love
 With the gallant red-cross knight,
 And, ere many a day, with this knight so gay
 Had hop’d her troth to plight.)

Oh then bespake these ladies gay,
 As they stood clad in pall :
 “ Oh we’ll devise how to make this knight
 “ Stay in our castle hall.”
 “ Now that’s well said, my ladies dear ;
 “ And if he’ll stay with me,
 “ Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 “ And we’ll feast right merrily.”

Then softly spake those ladies fair,
 (Low whisp'ring at the wall,)
" Oh we've devis'd how to keep the knight
 " In thy fair castle hall.
" Now, lady, command the warder blithe
 " To come from yon tow'r high,
" With tidings to say, to enveigle away
 " Yon wily pilgrim boy."

" Go run, go run, my foot-page dear,
 " To the warder take thy way ;
" And one of my ladies shall go with thee,
 " To tell thee what to say.
" And now, if we can but compel the knight
 " To stay in the castle with me, [be rung,
" Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall
 " And we'll all feast merrily."

The warder came and blew his horn,
And thus aloud did cry :
" Oh is there a pilgrim in the hall,
 " Come from the north country ?
" For there's a foot-page waits without,
 " To speak with him alone."
Thus the warder did call till out of the hall
The pilgrim boy is gone.

Meanwhile bespake the ladies gay,

As they stood clad in pall,

“ Right glad, brave knight, we welcome thee

“ Unto our castle hall.”

But the knight he heeded not their talk,

Altho’ they cried with glee,

“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,

“ And feast thee merrily.”

“ But where’s the pilgrim boy,” he cried,

“ To shew me my lady’s grave ?”

That he should be sought for thr’out the place,

The knight full oft did crave.

Then loud replied the ladies gay,

“ Now foul that knave befall ;

“ For lucre he hath beguiled thee,

“ And now hath fled the hall.

“ And now, sir knight, do not give heed

“ To what he said to thee ;

“ But send a page to the north country,

“ That lady fair to see :

“ And while he’s gone to comfort her,

“ Oh thou shalt share our glee,

“ While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,

“ And the feast eat merrily.”

But while those ladies, blithe and gay,
Attun'd their lutes to joy,
The knight was sad, and search'd around
To find the pilgrim boy :
He search'd the castle all about,
Thro' every turn and wind ;
But all in vain his toil and pain
The pilgrim boy to find.

In vain the lord's fair daughter sent
Her messengers to call ;
The knight he would not heed their words,
Nor enter the castle hall.
In vain the wanton ladies sung,
And the clamourous warder cry,
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
“ And the feast eat merrily.”

Oh then bespake those ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall :
“ Oh weep not, weep not, dear lady,
“ Tho' he'll not enter the hall ;
“ But send to the warder from the tow'r
“ To bring the pilgrim boy,
“ Whom we'll persuade to lend his aid
“ This proud knight to decoy.

" We'll make that boy, on pain of death,
 " The red-cross knight deceive ;
 " So that no more on his account
 " That fair young knight shall grieve :
 " And then we'll keep the red-cross knight,
 " To bear us company ; [be rung,
 " And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall
 " And we will feast merrily."

PART THE THIRD.

And now t'was night, all dark and drear,
 And cold, cold blew the wind ;
 While the red-cross knight sought all about
 The pilgrim boy to find.
 And still he wept, and still he sigh'd,
 As he mourn'd his lady dear :
 " And where's the feast, and where's the guest,
 " Thy bridal day to cheer ?"

Again he sigh'd and wept forlorn

For his lady that was dead :

“ Lady, how sad thy wedding tide !

“ How cold thy bridal bed !”

Thus the red-cross knight roam'd sore and sad,

While all around did cry,

“ Let the minstrels sing, and the bells yring,

“ And the feast be eat merrily.”

And now the gentle moon around

Her silver lustre shed ;

Brighten'd each ancient wall and tow'r,

And distant mountain's head :

By whose sweet light the knight perceiv'd

(A sight which gave him joy)

From a dungeon dread the warder lead

The faithful pilgrim boy.

In vain the warder strove to hide

The pilgrim boy from him ;

The knight he ran and clasp'd the youth,

In spite of the warder grim.

The warder, tho' wroth, his banner wav'd,

And still aloud did cry,

“ Let the minstrels sing, and the bells yring,

“ And the feast be eat merrily.”

" I'm glad I've found thee, pilgrim boy,
 " And thou shalt go with me ;
 " And thou shalt lead to my lady's grave,
 " And great thy reward shall be."
 Th' affrighted pilgrim wrung his hands,
 And shed full many a tear :
 " Her grave," he cried (and mournful sigh'd),
 " I dread's not far from here."

The knight he led the pilgrim boy
 Into the castle hall,
 Where sat the lord and his daughter fair,
 And her ladies clad in pall.
 " I go," he cried, " with the pilgrim boy,
 " So think no more of me ;
 " But let your minstrels sing, and your bells all ring,
 " And feast ye merrily."

Up then arose the lord's daughter,
 And call'd to the pilgrim boy ;
 " Oh come to me, for I've that to say,
 " Will give to thee much joy."
 Full loth the pilgrim was to go,
 Full loth from the knight to part—
 And lo ! out of spite, with a dagger bright,
 She hath stabb'd him to the heart.

- “ Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim boy ?”
The knight all wond’ring cried :
“ Why dost thou faint, thou pilgrim boy,
“ When I am by thy side ?”
“ Oh I am stabb’d, dear red-cross knight—
“ Yet grieve not thou for me ;
“ But let the minstrels sing, and the bells yring,
“ And feast thee merrily.”

The knight he ran aud clasp’d the youth,
And ope’d his pilgrim vest ;
And lo ! it was his lady fair——
His lady dear he prest.
Her lovely breast, like ermine white,
Was panting with the fright ;
Her dear heart’s blood, in crimson flood,
Ran pouring in his sight.

- “ Grieve not for me, my faithful knight,”
The lady faint did cry ;
“ I’m well content, my faithful knight,
“ Since in thy arms I die :
“ Then comfort thee, my constant love,
“ Nor think no more of me——
“ But let the minstrels sing, and the bells yring,
“ And feast thee merrily.

" Like pilgrim boy I've follow'd thee,
 " In truth full cheerfully ;
 " Resolv'd, if thou shouldst come to ill,
 " Dear knight to die with thee ;
 " And much I fear'd some wily fair
 " Would keep thee from my sight,
 " And, by her bright charms, lure from my arms
 " My dear lov'd red-cross knight."

" Oh heaven forbend," the knight replied,
 " That thou shouldst die for me !
 " But if so hapless low'rs thy fate,—
 " Thy knight will die with thee."
 " Oh say not so ; for well my knight
 " Hath prov'd his love to me ;
 " But let the minstrels sing, and the bells yring,
 " And feast thee merrily."

The knight he prest her to his heart,
 And bitterly he sigh'd :
 The lovely lady strove to cheer——
 'Till in his arms she died.
 The knight he laid her corpse adown,
 And his deadly sword drew forth ;
 Then look'd he around, and grimly frown'd,
 All woe-begone with wroth.

Oh then bespake the ladies fair,
As they stood clad in pall :
“ Oh this will be our burial place,
“ That was our castle hall !
“ No more to our silver lutes sweet sound
“ Shall we dance with revelry ;
“ Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
“ Nor the feast be eat merrily.”

Then up arose the lord's daughter,
And never a word spake she ;
But quick upon the knights drawn sword
She flung her frantically.
The knight to his own dear lady turn'd,
And laid him by her side ;
With tears embrac'd her bleeding corpse,
Sigh'd her dear name—and died.

Oh then bespake th' affrighted lord,
And full of woe spake he :
“ Foul 'fall the hour this red-cross knight
“ Did come to visit me !
“ For now no more will my daughter fair
“ Rejoice my guests and me ;
“ Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
“ Nor the feast held merrily.”

And then he spake to the ladies fair,
As they stood clad in pall:

“Lo! this thy lady’s burial place—

“That was her castle hall!

“Oh then be warn’d from her sad fate,

“And hate the wanton love;

“But in him confide who for thee died,

“And now sits thron’d above.

“Warder, no more resound thy horn,

“Nor thy banner wave on high:

“Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,

“Nor the feast eat merrily.”

No more the warder blows his horn,

Nor his banner waves on high;

Nor the mass is sung, nor the bells are rung,

Nor the feast eat merrily.

XXVII.

THE WANDERING MAID.

[First printed in this Collection.]

IT was by a baron's castle gay
A wand'ring maid did rove ;
For many a mile had she took her way,
In search of her true love :
For many a mile, both day and night,
Despairing did she rove ;
Nor blest the light that cheer'd her sight,
For she had lost her love.

She sat her down by the moat so wide,
And her tears began to flow ;
She sat her down, and sad she sigh'd,
O'ercome with toil and woe :
“ But altho' I shed full many a tear,
“ And altho' I set and sigh,
“ Yet ever I'll love thee, youth so dear
“ And for thee will I die.”

And now o'er the high drawbridge came near,
A minstrel blithe and gay ;

" And why," he cried, " sweet maiden, here
" Dost thou despairing lay ?

" For the welkin round is black with rain,
" And the water's all so cold,

" E'en hardy cattle, that graize the plain,
" Beget them to a hold."

" Alas !" she cried, " I've lost my love,

" And I've sought him far and near :

" Sweet minstrel, hast thou seen him rove,

" The youth whom I love so dear ?"

" Fair maid, thy love how should I know

" From other youths I see ?"

" Oh by his locks so fair that flow,

" And his mien so bright of blee.

" His face is fraught with beauty's smile,

" The rose and lily's there ;

" His voice like music can beguile

" The wrinkled brow of care :

" Alas ! it was that face that smil'd,

" That brought my heart to woe ;

" That music voice that me beguil'd,

" And made my tears to flow.

“ Near these high tow’rs, so fair to view,
“ I’m told the youth hath been ;
“ Then tell me, minstrel, tell me true,
“ Hast thou my true love seen ?”
“ No, maid, thy love I have not seen,
“ By day nor yet by night ;
“ Alas ! how hard that heart, I ween,
“ That could such beauty slight !

“ But, lovely maid, do not thus rove,
“ And break thy heart with woe ;
“ But go with me and be my love,
“ And I’ll not slight thee so.”
Then took this minstrel his harp of gold,
And sweetly ’gan to play ;
But the faithful maid to him was cold,
For all that he could say.

“ No, minstrel, tho’ full sad I rue
“ That he from me is gone,
“ Yet still to him I’ll aye be true,
“ And true to him alone ;
“ And o’er the lone country, day and night,
“ Despairing will I rove,
“ Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
“ ’Till I have found my love.”

And now came forth a soldier gay,
 And his broad sword he hath ta'en ;
 And, had not the minstrel fled away,
 Full soon he had him slain :
 " Oh maid, heed not that minstrel's guile,
 " But me take for thy love ;
 " And then to the wars, for gold and spoil,
 " Right merrily we will rove."

" No, warrior, no ; tho' sad I rove,
 " And my love from me is gone,
 " Yet still I'll seek that faithless love,
 " And love but him alone :
 " And ever I'll wander day and night,
 " While cold, cold blows the wind,
 " Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
 " 'Till I my true love find."

The soldier was scant ygone, when lo !
 A forester came that way,
 And merrily rode he high and low,
 All yclad in green so gay :
 She stop'd the gallant on the green,
 " And tell," she cried, " I pray,
 " 'Mong yonder forests hast thou seen
 " My wand'ring true love stray ?

“ And how shall I know the youth you seek
“ From other youths I see ?”
“ Oh well may you know him ere he doth speak,
“ His mien’s so bright of blee.”
“ Sweet maiden, tho’ ’mong the forests green
“ With early horn I rove,
“ Believe me, dear maid, I have not seen
“ The faithless youth you love,

“ Now, charming maid, do not thus rove,
“ Nor wander thus forlorn ;
“ But go with me, and ever I’ll love,
“ And shelter thee from scorn :
“ And we will hunt with early horn,
“ And sing the livelong day ;
“ And the cheerful eve, and the smiling morn,
“ Shall ever find us gay.

“ And thou, attir’d in robes of green,
“ A huntress blithe and gay,
“ Shall aye be call’d, wher’ere thou’rt seen,
“ The sporting queen of May.
“ Come, turn thee, maid, and be my love,
“ And to my passion yield ;
“ And ever delighted will we rove,
“ The princes of the field.”

“ No, I will not be robed in green,
 “ Thy flattery all I scorn ;
 “ Nor will I be of May the queen,
 “ To hunt with early horn ;
 “ But I will rove, both day and night,
 “ Thro’ stormy hail and wind ;
 “ Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
 “ Till I my true love find.”

PART THE SECOND.

The forester blithe now rode away,
 And blew his sounding horn,
 While by the moat the maiden lay,
 All desolate and forlorn :
 Yet still she cried, “ Tho’ I shed the tear,
 “ And heave full many a sigh,
 “ Yet ever I’ll love thee, youth so dear,
 “ And for thee I will die.”

All this beheard the baron gay,
In the lone tow'r where he sat,
And with many a sigh he took his way,
And came to the castle gate.
And there he saw the maiden lay,
By the moat side all forlorn ;
And all for the love of a youth so gay,
Who had treated her with scorn.

Her cheek, once red as summer rose,
Now pale as wintry skies ;
And wan her cherry lips did close,
That her love did once so prize ;
And cold, cold was that lily hand,
That he so oft had prest—
Full many a sigh (as he there did stand)
The baron's woe confest.

The maiden told her piteous tale,
With many a sigh and tear,
How she for her love, thro' heat and cold,
Had wander'd far and near.
“ Alas ! dear maid,” the baron sigh'd,
“ Thy tale is sad and sore ;
“ But, charming maid,” full loud he cried,
“ Thy sorrows now be o'er.

“ Yes, maiden, thou no more shalt rove,

“ No more unhappy stray ;

“ But thou, dear maid, shalt be my love,

“ My countess rich and gay.”

The hapless maiden wond’ring heard

The baron talk of love ;

Yet still, altho’ that baron she fear’d,

Right faithful did she prove.

“ Come turn to me, and be my love,

“ And be my lady gay ;

“ And thou no more for scorn shalt rove,

“ So sad, the livelong day :

“ But thou in robes of gold, my fair,

“ More bright than day shalt shine—

“ Come, leave cold woe, and leave despair,

“ And to my suit incline.

“ Fair maidens shall attend on thee,

“ All fam’d for beauty rare ;

“ Yet, ever sweet maiden, shalt thou be

“ The fairest of all the fair.

“ Bright gold and gems from th’ eastern mine,

“ Thy grandeur shall proclaim ;

“ But thy bright locks shall the gold outshine,

“ Thy eyes the jewels shame.”

“ Alas !” she cried, “ despise a maid
“ Destin’d with scorn to live ;
“ What, tho’ thy grandeurs thou’st display’d,
“ —My heart’s not mine to give :
“ But I must rove, both day and night,
“ While cold, cold blows the wind ;
“ Nor bless the light that cheers my sight,
“ ’Till my own true love I find.”

Then up arose the hapless maid,
And would fain have fled away ;
But the wond’ring baron soft her stay’d,
And thus with joy did say :
“ Now heav’n thee bless, thou faithful dame,
“ For thy dear constant love !
“ Mine be the fault, and mine the blame,
“ That made thee thus to rove.

“ I am thy true (but cruel) love,
“ Altho’ a baron born ;
“ And ’twas thy faith, dear maid, to prove,
“ I let thee rove forlorn.
“ I from yon tow’r have heard thy moan,
“ And it pierc’d me to the heart :
“ Now take me, dear maiden ; I am thy own,
“ And never more will we part.

" Yon castle, with its wide domain,
 " Shall be thy dow'r, my love ;
 " And there like a princess shalt thou reign,
 " Nor more in misery rove :
 " But we will live and love so true,
 " And with such constancy,
 " That, if stern death thee first shall slay,
 " Dear maid, I'll die with thee."

The maiden blush'd to find her love
 A baron of high fame ;
 While fond he cried, " Thy fears remove,
 " Thy faith my pride doth shame.
 " Again to thee my troth I plight,
 " And let thy joys abound ;
 " And bless the light that cheers thy sight,
 " For thy true love is found."

XXVIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

[First printed in this Collection.]

- “THE fleeting moment teems with death !”
Fair Emma sad did cry ;
“E’en now perhaps on yon drear heath
“My Edgar low doth lie !
“E’en now may he draw his last, last breath,
“And unregarded die !”
- “Oh stay thy fears, dejected maid,”
The hermit soft replied ;
“For still his oft-victorious blade
“May check th’ invader’s pride.
“Now come, let us kneel to heav’n for aid,
“Whose might can so soon decide.”

And now from far th' embattled field
 With war's dread clangor rang ;
 While, in a mossy cell conceal'd,
 The woodland wilds among,
 That maiden fair with the hermit kneel'd,
 And many an orison sung.

Now nearer still the battle rung,
 And faster flow'd their tears ;
 And now the woodland wilds among,
 A warrior stern appears——
 The maiden to the hermit clung,
 O'erwhelmed with her fears.

And now into the lowly cell
 The warrior took his way,
 With bloody sword and visage fell,
 That witness'd huge dismay ;
 And ever he could his tidings tell,
 Sad Emma swoon'd away.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death ! ”
 The trembling hermit cries :
 “ For sad I see o'er yon black heath
 “ A scatter'd army flies ;
 “ And many a warrior gasps for breath,
 “ And many a captive sighs. ”

“ Yea, the swift moment teems with death !”
The breathless warrior cries ;
“ For many a mile o’er yon drear heath
“ Our scatter’d army flies ;
“ And many a warrior gasps for breath,
“ And many a captive sighs.”

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”
The wretched Emma cries :
“ Accurs’d be yon blood-drenched heath,
“ For there my Edgar lies !
“ Say, warrior, does my love yet breathe ?
“ Hath death yet clos’d his eyes ?”

“ Yea, the sad moment teems with death !
“ For many a warrior dies,
“ And, ’mong the rest, on yon black heath,
“ Thy hapless Edgar lies ;
“ And still, as the warrior gasps for breath,
“ Fair Emma’s name he sighs.”

Then up arose that desperate fair,
And thrice she look’d around ;
And listen’d to the burden’d air,
That teem’d with many a sound
Of hostile rage, and dire despair,
That, frantic, bit the ground.

“ Hermit,” she cried, “ to me so good,
 “ Now grant my boon, I pray ;
 “ Oh lend to me thy scrip and hood,
 “ And gown of russet gray ;
 “ And lend unto me thy holy rood,
 “ And lead me on my way.

“ So will I go to yon drear heath,
 “ Where many a warrior sighs ;
 “ Where, gasping in his last, last breath,
 “ My hapless Edgar lies :
 “ I’ll cheer him as he lays in death,
 “ I’ll sooth him as he dies !”

The hermit sat in pensive mood,
 Then, cheer’d with hope, did say,
 “ Oh I’ve another scrip and hood,
 “ And another gown of grey ;
 “ And I, with another holy rood,
 “ Will wend with thee my way.

“ For when thy Edgar to my care
 “ Entrusted thee, poor maid,
 “ On holy rood he made me swear,
 “ To lend thee all my aid ;
 “ So with thee I’ll go withouten fear,
 “ Thro’ seas of blood to wade.”

PART THE SECOND.

Full dark and drear the heath did seem,
And lonely was the way ;
Nor did the affrighted moon's pale beam
Emit her silver ray :
Full fast the fair maiden's tears did stream—
The hermit loud did pray.

Now nearer still the battle's sound
Come rushing on the ear ;
With blood all drenched was the ground,
And the night was dark and drear :
The maiden affrighted look'd around—
The hermit shook with fear.

She heard a groan, and, as she turn'd,
A warrior laid full low ;
She grasp'd his hand, as sad he mourn'd,
And wip'd his clammy brow—
Her grasp the dying hand return'd,
As conscious of its woe.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”

The woe-fraught hermit cried ;

“ Glutted with hapless mortals breath,

“ The grisly king doth stride”—

“ I find not my Edgar on the heath,”

The weeping Emma sigh’d.

The thund’ring winds of heaven strove

The desert heath along ;

While she, her faithful love to prove,

With resolution strong,

For her Edgar sought, her dear true-love,

The dying and dead among.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”

Again the hermit cries ;

“ For nought is heard along the heath

“ But dying warriors sighs”—

“ Could I but hear my Edgar breathe !”

Fair Emma sad replies.

Bleak was the blast, and chill the air,

And awful was the scene ;

Yet still this faithful hapless pair,

O’erwhelm’d with anguish keen,

Rov’d o’er the bloody heath so drear

Until the morning gleam.

Now slowly to the list'ning ear
The sounds of woe did fade,
While thro' the carnage far and near,
Right careful they did wade ;
But they found not their Edgar dear,
'Mong living or 'mong dead.

To many a warrior in his woe
They lent their holy aid,
And ghostly comfort did bestow,
Tho' weary and dismay'd ;
But their Edgar's form they could not know,
'Mong living or 'mong dead.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !
Each blast's a funeral knell,”
Sad Emma cried ;—then on the heath,
O'ercome with toil, she fell :
The hapless maiden had not breath
To reach the hermit's cell.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”
Th' affrighted hermit cried :
“ Alas ! she's fell on this dread heath,
“ Sweet flow'r of beauty's pride,
“ Oh grisly tyrant, spare, spare her breath,
“ Or slay me by her side !”

A dying warrior heard him cry,
 And rais'd his languid head,
 And saw the hapless maiden lie,
 O'ercome with toil and dread,
 And the faithful hermit standing by,
 With terror all dismay'd.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”
 Sad Edgar cried dismay'd ;
 “ Behold ! on this blood-drenched heath
 “ My lovely Emma laid,
 “ With blood of warriors beneath,
 “ Dark tempests overhead.”

“ Yea, the swift moment teems with death !”
 The hermit loud did cry ;
 “ For lo ! on this dark dreary heath
 “ Thy faithful bride doth lie :
 “ She came to sooth thee while thou didst breathe,
 “ And then with thee to die.”

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”
 The dying warrior cried :
 “ Come speak to me while still I've breath,
 “ My too, too faithful bride !”
 She wrang his hand——and on that heath
 Those hapless lovers died.

“ The fleeting moment teems with death !”
The fainting hermit cried :
“ The grisly tyrant o’er the heath,
“ With merc’less steps doth stride.”
His spirits sunk——short grew his breath——
With woe the hermit died.

XXIX.

J U L I A.

[First printed in this Collection.]

To the graves where sleep the dead,
Hapless Julia took her way ;
Sighs to heave, and tears to shed
O’er the spot where Damon lay,
Many a blooming flower she bore
O’er the green grass turf to throw
And while fast her tears did pour,
Thus she sang to sooth her woe.

" Soft and safe tho' lowly grave,
 " Fast o'er thee my tears shall flow ;
 " Only hope the hapless have,
 " Only refuge left for woe.
 " Constant love and grief sincere
 " Shall thy hallow'd turf pervade ;
 " And many a heartfelt sigh and tear,
 " Hapless youth, shall sooth thy shade.

" Lighted by the moon's pale shine,
 " See me, to thy mem'ry true,
 " Lowly bending at thy shrine,
 " Many a votive flow'r to strew.
 " But how little do these flow'rs
 " Prove my love and constancy !
 " Yet a few sad fleeting hours,
 " And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.

" Rose replete with scent and hue,
 " Sweetest flow'r that nature blows,
 " Damon flourish'd once like you ;
 " Now o'er him the green grass grows,
 " Rose, go deck his hallow'd grave,
 " Lily, o'er the green turf twine ;
 " Honour meet that turf should have,
 " Beauty's bed, and virtue's shrine.

“ Primrose pale, and violet blue,
“ Jess’min sweet, and eglantine,
“ Nightly here thy sweets I strew,
“ Proud to deck my true-love’s shrine.
“ Like you, my Damon bloom’d a day,
“ He did die and so must you—
“ But such charms can you display,
“ Half so virtuous, half so true ?

“ No, sweet flow’rets, no such charms,
“ No such virtues can you boast ;
“ Yet he’s torn from my fond arms,
“ Yet my faithful love is crost.
“ But a radiant morn shall rise,
“ (Loit’ring moments, faster flow,)
“ When with him I’ll tread the skies,
“ Smile at death, and laugh at woe.”

Thus she sung, and strew’d the flow’r,
Beat her breast, and wept, and sigh’d ;
And, when toll’d the midnight hour,
On the green turf grave she died.
Many a nightingale forlorn,
Sung her knell, while breezes sigh’d :
Haughty grandeur heard with scorn,
How so poor a maiden died.

XXX.

THE BITTER FRUITS OF JEALOUSY :

“ Go, shut the door, my Edward dear
 “ Shut close the door, I pray ;
 “ Let nae keen search my treading trace,
 “ Ne listen what I saie ;

“ Let nane my subtle entrance know,
 “ My troubled motion spie,
 “ Ne smallest sun-beam penetrate
 “ The tell-tale of mine eye.”

So Allen spake, as, guilt-bestain’d,
 Some nook he did explore,
 When instinct led his pathless foot
 To Edward’s friendly door.

’Tween horrid dread, and conscious shame,
 Fu’ mighty was the strife,
 While from his now-enfeebled hands
 Down dropp’d a reeking knife.

What means that steel? What means that glow,
Wherewith thy visage burns?
Now ghastly pale, alack, succeeds,
And now the red returns.

“ Say, will ye plight your promise dear,
“ And will ye plight your fay,
“ That what I now entrust to ye
“ Your tongue shall ne’er betray?”

Yea, I will plight my promise dear,
And I will plight my fay,
That what ye shall entrust to me
My tongue shall ne’er betray.

“ Ah! was she not the fairest fair,
“ More dear than life to me?
“ Yet ne’er again shall I behold
“ My Lucy sweet to see.”

Yea, she was fairest of the fair,
Dear as thy life to thee—
And hast thou scath’d with deadly stroke
Thy Lucy sweet to see?

“ Wae worth the day!—That very wreath,
“ Which with a loving vow
“ This morn I gave her, I beheld,
“ Ere noon, on Edwin’s brow.

“ When as she took it sweet she smil’d,
 “ Yet could she from it part ?
 “ Sae proud, methought, he taunted me,
 “ Fu’ deep it irk’d my heart.

“ And irk’d be still this cruel heart !—
 “ Oh ! had ye seen the wound,
 “ And had ye seen the streaming blude,
 “ How fast it stain’d the ground !

“ And had ye seen her sickning eye,
 “ How sore it sought relief !
 “ And had ye seen her body sink,
 “ You would have died for grief !

“ And irk’d be still this cruel heart,
 “ When as she there did lie,
 “ That could not with my Lucy dear
 “ A moment stay, and die !”

Allen, my friend, ye grieve my soul,
 Your flight, I ween, was just,
 Sine she is gone, that fairest fair,
 And sunken into dust.

But who along yon cypress-path
 Is led sae heavily ?
 Ah ! me ! my Allen dear, it is—
 How sad she eyeth thee !

And, ah ! how sad yon virgins look,
Who lead her to my bower ?
Appear they not as drizzling dews,
Freshning some faded flower ?

With such a look as mothers aft
Rebuke a darling child,
Sae eyed she her Allen dear,
Sae ruth, sae sweet, sae mild !

“ I marvel not,” she faintly cried,
“ Ye seem a man of stone !—
“ The well of life is nae yet dry,
“ My days are nae yet done.

“ Set, set your troubled mind at ease,
“ My heart ye did nae touch ;
“ Ye strook too short to reach my life,
“ Whereat I gladden much.

“ Could ye such vows as I have vow’d,
“ Deem I could faithless be ?—
“ The blossom to the breath of spring
“ Was scant sae true as me.

“ That wreath, which ye this morn did see
“ Sae trim on Edwin’s brow,
“ Edwin’s ain spitefu’ hand had wrought,
“ And Edwin wears it now.

" When love ye breathe, ye fickle men

" Be smooth as summer-wave ;

" But when with jealousy ye swell,

" As winter-storm ye rave.

" Rash man ! ah ! how by jealousy

" Have ye your fortunes crost !

" As true a maid as ever lov'd

" Ye have for ever lost.

" To hie to this your friend's abode,

" Here breathe my prayers for ye,

" For life, for health, for ease of mind,

" Was a' was left for me."

Can ye not pardon the high fault

Which love did gar me do ?

" Yes, I can pardon a' the fault,

" And still to love be true."

And shall the bridal knot be tied,

And shall we happy be ?

" The bridal-knot can ne'er be tied,

" Ne can I stay with thee ;

" For I to Christ a vow have made,

" And kept that vow shall be,

" That man naie mair shall vex my heart,

" Nae mair shall trouble me.

“ That straight I will myself betake

“ Unto a nunnery,

“ In fast and prayer to end my days

“ And kept that vow shall be,

“ Go ye, and seek a fairer bride,

“ And live in pleasance gay,

“ While to the house of godliness

“ I take myself away.”

Nay, do nae wend ye quite away,

List, list, my piercing ca’!

Return! and for your broken vow,

On me the pain be a!

“ She’s gane.”—He heav’d a deep-drawn sigh,

As brast his heart in twain,

Sine to the ground fast-falled he,

And never rose again.

XXXI.

THE DEATH OF ALLEN.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
 And Allen he rose full soon,
 Sad tidings were heard for Allen to hear,
 That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
 And Thomas came at his call :
 " Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,
 " For Mary shall see my fall.

" When last we parted with brimful eye,
 " Right-loving she made a vow ;
 " But Richard has twice as many sheep,
 " And Mary forgets me now.

" Then bear me to the green-grass-bank,
 " Where we did kiss and play,
 " And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
 " Has wash'd my kisses away."

The bridegroom led the bride so fair,
The priest he came anon ;
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,
Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-grass bank,
Where they did kiss and play,
And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
Had wash'd his kisses away.

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
Her maiden blush was lost,
She faded, as tho' on April morn
A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then all beneath one fatal stone
Together they buried were.
False maidens, who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not there !

XXXII.

THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.

The following ballad was originally sung by Miss Davis in Davenant's play called the Rivals. Charles the Second hearing her, was so pleased, that he took her off the stage, and had a daughter by her, who was named Mary Tudor, and was married to Francis Lord Radcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater.

My lodging it is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;
 But that which troubles me most is
 The unkindness of my dear ;
 Yet still I cry, O turn love,
 And I prithee love, turn to me,
 For thou art the man that I long for,
 And alack, what remedy ?

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing ;
O turn to me, my dear love,
And I prithee love, turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canst
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone ;
Yet still I cry, O turn love,
And I prithee love, turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.

XXXIII.

A T H E L G I V A,

By Watkins.

There is a tradition, that the abbey of Whitby, on the north coast of Yorkshire, was ruined during the depredations of the Danes in that district, by those plunderers, under the command of Ingvar and Hubba, who brought with them that famous standard on which was embroidered a golden raven, the work of their sisters, and revered by all the Danes as the Palladium of their security. About this period the story is supposed to commence; the succeeding incidents are all fictitious, and were dictated to the author, in some measure, by the romantic situation of the abbey (magnificent in ruin), which seemed exceedingly proper for such events. It may perhaps, be necessary to add, that Edelfleda (mentioned in the first stanza) is said by Camden, to have been the daughter of Oswin, King of Northumberland, and to have resided in the abbey of Whitby, after enlarging and farther endowing it. Its first foundation was laid by St. Hilda, the sister of King Edwin, mentioned in the same verse.

‘ H E R E mayst thou rest, my sister dear,
 ‘ Securely here abide;
 ‘ Here royal Edelfleda liv’d,
 ‘ Here pious Hilda died,

‘ Here peace and quiet ever dwell :
‘ Here fear no rude alarms ;
‘ Nor here is heard the trumpet’s sound,
‘ Nor here the din of arms.’

With voice compos’d and look serene,
(Whilst her soft hand he press’d)
The maid who trembled on his arm,
Young Edwy thus address’d.

Blue gleam’d the steel in Edwy’s hand,
The warrior’s vest he bore :
For now the Danes, by Hubba led,
Had ravag’d half the shore.

His summons at the abbey gate,
The ready porter hears ;
And soon in veil and holy garb,
The abbess kind appears.

‘ O take this virgin to thy care,
‘ Good angels be your guard ;
‘ And may the saints in heaven above,
‘ That pious care reward,

‘ For we by fierce barbarian hands,
‘ Are driven from our home ;
‘ And three long days and nights forlorn,
‘ The dreary waste we roam.

‘ But I must go—these tow’rs to save ;
 ‘ Beneath the evening shade,
 ‘ I haste to seek earl Osrick’s pow’r,
 ‘ And call lord Redwald’s aid.’

He said—and turn’d his ready foot ;
 The abbess nought replies ;
 But with a look that spoke her grief,
 To heaven upcast her eyes.

Then turning to the stranger dame,
 ‘ O welcome to this place ;
 ‘ For never Whitby’s holy fane
 ‘ Did fairer maiden grace.’

And true she said—for on her cheek,
 Was seen young beauty’s bloom,
 Tho’ grief with slow and wasting stealth,
 Did then her prime consume.

Her shape was all that thought can frame,
 Of elegance and grace ;
 And heav’n the beauties of her mind
 Reflected in her face.

‘ My daughter, lay aside thy fears,’
 Again the matron cried :
 ‘ No Danish ravishers come here—’
 —Again the virgin sigh’d.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
 'Twas love that shook her breast ;
And thus, in accents soft and mild,
 The mournful, maid address.

‘ My daughter dear, as to thy friend
 ‘ Be all thy cares confest ;
‘ I see ’tis love disturbs thy mind,
 ‘ And wish to give thee rest.

‘ But hark ! I hear the vesper bell,
 ‘ Now summons us to prayer ;
‘ That duty done, with needful food
 ‘ Thy wasted strength repair.’

But now the pitying mournful muse
 Of Edwy’s hap shall tell ;
And what amid his nightly walk
 That gallant youth befel.

For journeying by the bank of Esk
 He took his lonely way ;
And now thro’ showers of driving rain
 His erring footsteps stray.

At length from far, a glimm’ring light
 Trembled among the trees ;
And ent’ring soon a moss-built hut,
 An holy man he sees,

‘ O father, deign a luckless youth
 ‘ This night with thee to shield ;
 ‘ I am no robber, tho’ my arm
 ‘ This deadly weapon wield.’

‘ I fear no robber, stranger, here,
 ‘ For I have nought to lose ;
 ‘ And thou may’st safely thro’ the night,
 ‘ In this poor cell repose.

‘ And thou art welcome to my hut,’
 The holy man replied ;
 ‘ Still welcome here is he, whom fate
 ‘ Has left without a guide.

‘ Whence and what art thou, gentle youth ?’
 The noble Edwy said,
 ‘ I go to rouse earl Osrick’s power,
 ‘ And seek lord Redwald’s aid.

‘ My father is a wealthy lord,
 ‘ Who now with Alfred stays :
 ‘ And me he left to guard his seat,
 ‘ Whilst he his duty pays,

‘ But vain the hope—in dead of night
 ‘ The cruel spoiler came ;
 ‘ And o’er each neighb’ring castle threw
 ‘ The wide-devouring flame.

‘ To shun its rage, at early dawn,
‘ I with my sister fled ;
‘ And Whitby’s abbey now affords
‘ A shelter to her head.

‘ Whilst I to hasten promis’d aids,
‘ Range wildly thro’ the night,
‘ And, with impatient mind, expect
‘ The morning’s friendly light.’

Thus Edwy spoke ; and wond’ring, gaz’d
Upon his hermit host.
For in his form beam’d manly grace,
Untouch’d by age’s frost.

The hermit sigh’d, and thus he said ;
‘ Know, there was once a day,
‘ This tale of thine would fire my heart,
‘ And bid me join thy way.

‘ But luckless love dejects my soul,
‘ And casts my spirits down ;
‘ Thou seest the wretch of woman’s pride,
‘ Of follies not my own.

‘ I once amid my sovereign’s train
‘ Was a distinguish’d youth,
‘ But blighted is my former fame
‘ By Sorrow’s cank’ring tooth.

‘ When Ethelred the crown did hold,
 ‘ I to this district came ;
 ‘ And then a fair and matchless maid
 ‘ First rais’d in me a flame.

‘ Her father was a noble lord
 ‘ Of an illustrious race,
 ‘ Who join’d to rustic honesty
 ‘ The courtier’s gentle grace.

‘ ’Twas then I told my artless tale,
 ‘ By love alone inspir’d ;
 ‘ For never was my honest speech
 ‘ In flatt’ring guise attir’d.

‘ At first she heard, or seem’d to hear
 ‘ The voice of tender love ;
 ‘ But soon, the ficklest of her sex,
 ‘ Did she deceitful prove,

‘ She drove me scornful from her sight,
 ‘ Rejected and disdain’d ;
 ‘ In vain did words for pity plead,
 ‘ In vain my looks complain’d.

‘ How could that breast which pity fill’d,
 ‘ Ever relentless be ?
 ‘ How could that face which smil’d on all,
 ‘ Have ever frowns for me ?

‘ Since that fell hour, I in this cell
‘ Have liv’d recluse from man ;
‘ And twice ten months have pass’d, since I
‘ The hermit’s life began.’

‘ O stain to honour !’ Edwy cried ;
‘ O foul disgrace to arms
‘ What, when thy country claims thy aid,
‘ And shakes with war’s alarms !

‘ Canst thou, inglorious, here remain,
‘ And strive thyself to hide ;
‘ Assume the monkish coward life,
‘ All for a woman’s pride ?’

With louder voice and warmer look,
His hermit host rejoin’d :
‘ Think’st thou, vain youth, the chains of fear
‘ Could here a warrior bind ?

‘ Know, boy, thou seest Hermanrick here ;
‘ Well vers’d in war’s alarms ;
‘ A name once not unknown to fame,
‘ Nor unrenown’d in arms.

‘ O, Athelgiva ! (yet too dear)
‘ Did I thy danger know :
‘ Yet would I fly to thy relief,
‘ And crush th’ invading foe.’

With fluster'd cheek, young Edwy turn'd,
 At Athelgiva's name ;
 And, ' Gracious powers ! it must be he !'
 He cries, ' it is the same !

' I know full well, I have not now
 ' More of thy tale to learn ;
 ' I heard this morn, ere from the wave
 ' You could the sun discern.

' My sister loves thee, gallant youth,
 ' By all the saints on high !
 ' She wept last night, when thy hard fate
 ' She told with many a sigh.

' Forgive her, then, and in her cause
 ' Thy limbs with steel infold :
 ' Was it not Ardolph's daughter, say,
 ' Who late thy heart did hold ?'

' It was, it was !' Hermanrick cried ;
 ' I heard her brother's name :
 ' 'Tis said he was a gallant youth,
 ' Who sought abroad for fame.'

Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
 And clasp'd him to his breast ;
 ' And thou shalt be my brother too,'
 He said, and look'd the rest.

‘ But now let honour fill thy mind,
‘ Be love’s soft laws obey’d ;
‘ ’Tis Athelgiva claims thy sword,
‘ ’Tis she demands thy aid.

‘ She with impatient anxious heart,
‘ Expects my quick return ;
‘ And till again she sees me safe,
‘ The hapless maid will mourn.

‘ Then let us fly to seek these chiefs,
‘ Who promis’d aid to send ;
‘ Earl Osrick was my father’s guest,
‘ Lord Redwald is my friend.’

Hermanrick said, ‘ First let us go
‘ To chear yon drooping maid ;
‘ Again I’ll wear my canker’d arms,
‘ Again I’ll draw my blade.’

Then from a corner of the cell
His clashing arms appear ;
But when he mark’d the growing rust,
The warrior dropt a tear.

Then forth they went—Hermanrick knew
Each pathway of the wood ;
And safe before the abbey gate
At break of day they stood.

Now sleep the wearied maiden's eyes
 At length had kindly seal'd,
 When at the gate the wand'ring knights
 Returning day reveal'd.

' Quick call the abbess,' Edwy said,
 To him who kept the door,
 Who watch'd and pray'd the live-long night,
 A pious priest and poor.

The abbess came, with instant haste ;
 Th' alarming bell was rung ;
 And from their matted homely beds
 The sainted virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first the dame,
 Soft speaking thus addrest ;
 ' My daughter, an important call
 ' Commands me break thy rest.

' Thy brother at the abbey gate,
 ' Appears with features glad ;
 ' And with him comes a stranger knight,
 ' In war-worn armour clad.'

With falt'ring step and bloodless cheek,
 Young Athelgiva went :
 Confusion, shame, surprise and joy
 At once her bosom rent,

When in the stranger knight she saw
Hermanrick's much-lov'd face ;
Whilst he, by gen'rous love impell'd,
Rush'd to her fond embrace.

Vain would the muse attempt to paint
What joy the lover knew,
Who found his long-disdainful maid
At once fair, kind, and true.

Then Edwy, while entranc'd in bliss
The happy pair remain'd,
Recounted o'er the tale, how he
Hermanrick lost regain'd.

But soon, alas ! too soon, was heard,
To damp their new-form'd joys,
The groan of death, the shout of war,
And battle's mingled noise.

For up the hill, with eager haste,
A breathless courier came ;
He cries, ' Prepare for dire alarms,
' And shun th' approaching flame.

' Fierce Hubba landing on the beach,
' Now drives our feeble band ;
' Who, far too few to stop his force,
' Fly o'er the crimson'd sand.'

What anguish fill'd the maiden's breast,
 What rage the lover knew,
 When looking down the steepy hill,
 They found the tale was true.

Each warlike youth then grasp'd his spear,
 The trembling damsel said,
 ' O where is now Earl Osrick's power,
 ' O where Lord Redwald's aid ?

' Alas, alas !' the abbess cries,
 ' Far as my sight is borne,
 ' I cannot see the ruddy cross,
 ' Nor hear Earl Osrick's horn.'

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
 Impell'd his savage crew ;
 And o'er the blood-empurled strand
 The golden raven flew.

' Behold,' he cries, and waves his lance,
 ' Where yon proud turrets rise ;
 ' Of those who prove war's glorious toil,
 ' Let beauty be the prize.

' There gold and beauty both are found,
 ' Then follow where I lead ;
 ' And quickly know you have not fought
 ' For honour's empty meed.'

He said : and press'd to gain the hill,
His shouting train pursue ;
And, fir'd by hopes of brutal joys,
Behold the prize in view.

Young Edwy mark'd their near approach,
And rush'd t'oppose their way ;
Nor did, with equal ardour fir'd,
Behind Hermanrick stay.

Like mountain boars, the brother chiefs
On Denmark's warriors flew ;
And those who held the foremost ranks,
Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierc'd by Edwy's fatal lance,
Lay valiant Turkil here ;
There Hardicanute bit the dust,
Beneath Hermanrick's spear.

But vain is courage, strength, or skill,
When two oppose an host ;
A dart, with sure and deadly aim,
At Edwy Hubba tost.

His sister, who, o'erpower'd by grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recover'd by the matron's care,
Now sought the abbey door.

When on the fated carnag'd spot
 She cast her weeping eyes ;
 ' O blessed Mary !' cries the maid,
 ' My brother bleeds and dies.'

Then forth she ran and gain'd the place,
 Where, press'd by crowds of foes,
 Hermanrick stood—the shades of death
 Her brother's eyelids close.

The furious Dane nor pity knew,
 Nor stay'd his vengeful arm ;
 Nor aught avails that heav'nly face,
 Which might a tiger charm.

First on th' unguarded chief he rush'd,
 And bore him to the ground ;
 The helpless damsel's plaint of woe
 In war's loud shout is drown'd.

She saw Hermanrick's quiv'ring lip,
 She mark'd his rolling eye ;
 She faints, she falls ; before her sight
 Death's visions dimly fly.

' And, O thou dear and much-lov'd youth,'
 The dying virgin cried ;
 ' Howe'er in life I wrong'd thy truth,
 ' Yet true with thee I died.'

She spoke no more—E'en Hubba felt
The force of love sincere ;
Then first his breast confess'd the sigh,
Then first his cheek the tear.

' And, O my friends, the rage of war,'
He cries, ' awhile forbear ;
' And to their weeping kindred straight
These breathless bodies bear.

' Or fear the wrath of Powers Divine—'
Nor could he further say ;
But quickly, with disorder'd march,
Bent to his ships his way :

For now was heard Earl Osrick's horn,
Shrill sounding thro' the dale ;
And now Lord Redwald's ruddy cross
Was waving to the gale.

His tardy aid Earl Osrick brought
Too late, alas ! to save ;
And far beyond th' avenging sword
The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief seiz'd the warrior's heart, to see
In dust young Edwy laid ;
And stretch'd by brave Hermanrick's side
Fair Athelgiva dead.

But on the holy cross he swore,
 A brave revenge to take,
 On Denmark's proud and bloody sons,
 For Athelgiva's sake.

This vow in Kenworth's glorious field
 The gallant earl did pay ;
 When Alfred's better star prevail'd,
 And England had her day.

That day the Dane full dearly paid
 The price of lovers' blood :
 That day in Hubba's cloven helm
 The Saxon javelin stood.

The bodies of the hapless three
 A single grave contains ;
 And in the choir with dirges due,
 Are laid their cold remains.

Lord Ardolph on his children's tomb
 Inscrib'd th' applauding verse ;
 And long the monks in Gothic rhyme,
 Their story did rehearse.

And often pointing to the skies,
 The cloister'd maids would cry ;
 " To those bright realms in bloom of youth
 " Did Athelgiva fly."

XXXIV.

SIR JOHN BARLEY-CORN,

“ A pleasant new Ballad to sing even and morne,
“ Of the bloody murder of Sir John Barley-corn.”

[Printed for John Wright.]

As I went through the north country,
I heard a merry meeting ;
A pleasant toy and full of joy ;
Two noblemen were greeting.

And as they walked forth to sport,
Upon a summer's day,
They met another nobleman,
With whom they had a fray.

His name was Sir John Barley-corn ;
He dwelt down in a dale,
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
They call'd him Thomas Good-ale.

Another named Richard Beer,
 Was ready at that time,
 Another worthy knight was there,
 Call'd Sir William White-wine.

Some of them fought in a black jack,
 Some of them in a can;
 But the chiefest in a black pot,
 Like a worthy nobleman.

Sir Barley-corn fought in a bowl,
 Who won the victory;
 Which made them all to fume and swear,
 That Barley-corn should die.

Some said "kill him," some said "drown,"
 Others wish'd to hang him high,
 For as many as follow Barley-corn,
 Shall surely beggars die.

Then with a plough they plough'd him up,
 And thus they did devise,
 To bury him quick within the earth,
 And swore he should not rise.

With harrows strong they combed him,
 And burst clods on his head,
 A joyful banquet then was made,
 When Barley-corn was dead.

He rested still within the earth,
Till rain from skies did fall,
Then he grew up in branches green,
Which sore amaz'd them all.

And so grew up till midsummer,
He made them all afraid,
For he was sprouted up on high,
And got a goodly beard.

Then he grew till St. James's tide,
His countenance was wan,
For he was grown unto his strength,
And thus became a man.

With hooks and sickles keen,
Unto the fields they hied,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
And made him wounds full wide.

Thus bloodily they cut him down,
From place where he did stand,
And like a thief for treachery,
They bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,
According to this kind,
And packed him up in several stacks,
To wither with the wind.

And with a pitchfork that was sharp,
They rent him to the heart,
And like a thief for treason vile,
They bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,
Unto the town they hie,
And straight they mow'd him in a mow,
And there they let him lie.

Then he lay groaning by the walls,
Till all his wounds were sore,
At length they took him up again,
And cast him on the floor.

They hired two with holly clubs,
To beat at him at once,
They thwacked so hard on Barley-corn,
That flesh fell from his bones,

And then they took him up again,
To fulfil women's mind,
They dusted and they sifted him,
Till he was almost blind.

And then they knit him in a sack,
Which grieved him full sore,
They steeped him in a fat, God wot,
For three days space and more.

Then they took him up again,
And laid him for to dry,
They cast him on a chamber floor,
And swore that he should die.

They rubbed him and stirred him,
And oft did toil and turn,
The mault-man likewise vows his death,
His body he would burn.

They pull'd and haul'd him up in spite,
And threw him on a kiln,
Yea dried him o'er a fire bright,
The more to work their will.

Then to the mill they forc'd him straight,
Whereas they bruis'd his bones,
The miller swore to murder him
Betwixt a pair of stones.

The last time when they took him up,
They served him worse than that,
For with hot scalding liquor store
They wash'd him in a fat.

But not content with this, God wot,
They wrought him so much harm,
With cruel threat they promise next
To beat him into barm.

And lying in this danger deep,
 For fear that he should quarrel,
 They took him straight out of the fat,
 And tunn'd him in a barrel.

And then they set a tap to him,
 Even thus his death begun,
 They drew out every drop of blood,
 Whilst any drop would run.

Some brought jacks upon their backs,
 Some brought bill and bow,
 And every man his weapon had
 Barley-corn to overthrow.

When Sir John Good-ale heard of this
 He came with mickle might,
 And there he took their tongues away,
 Their legs, or else their sight.

Sir John at last in each respect
 So paid them all their hire,
 That some lay sleeping by the walls,
 Some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groaning by the walls,
 Some fell in the street down right,
 The best of them did scarcely know
 What he had done o'er night.

All you good wives that brew good ale,
God keep you all from teen,
But if you put too much water in,
The devil put out your eyne !

XXXV.

“ A new Ballad for you to look on,
How Mault doth deale with every one.”

To the tune of—Triumphand Joy.

MAS MAULT he is a gentleman,
And hath been since the world began,
I never knew yet any man
That could match with Master Mault, sir.
I never knew any match Mault but once,
The miller with his grinding stones
He laid them so close that he crusht his bones ;
You never knew the like, sir.

Mault, Mault, thou art a flower,
Thou art beloved in every bower,
Thou canst not be missing one half hour ;

You never saw the like, sir.

For laying of his stones so close,
Mault gave the miller a copper nose,
Saying, " thou and I will never be foes,"

But unto thee I stick, sir.

Mault gave the miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low :
He taught him his master, Mault, for to know,

You never saw the like, sir,

Our hostess' maid she was to blame,
She stole Master Mault away from her dame,
And in her belly she hid the same,

You never saw the like, sir.

So when the Mault did work in her head,
Twice a day she would be sped,
At night she could not get to bed,

Nor scarce can stand on her feet, sir.

Then came in the Master Smith,
And said that Mault he was a thief ;
But Mault gave him such a dash in the teeth

You never saw the like, sir.

For when his iron was hot and red,
He had such an ache in all his head,
The smith was fain to get him to bed,

For then he was very sick, sir.

The carpenter came a piece to square,
He bad Mault come out if he dare,
He would empty his belly and beat his sides bare,
That he knew not where to sit, sir.

To the fire he went, with an arm full of chips,
Mault hit him right between his lips,
And made him lame in both his hips ;

You never saw the like, sir.

The shoemaker sitting upon his seat,
With Master Mault he began to fret,
He said he would the knave so beat,

You never saw the like, sir.

Mault peept his head out of a hall,
The shoemaker said he would drink him up all,
They tumbled together till down they did fall,

You never saw the like, sir.

The weaver being in his loom,
He threatened Master Mault to bum,
When he had knit on to the thrum,

You never saw the like, sir.

And such a court some weavers held,
They would pay our hostess when they had fill'd,
But when every one had his part and deal'd

They knew not where to sit, sir.
The tinker he took the weaver's part,
Because he is touching unto his art,
He took the pot and drank a quart,
The world was very quick, sir.

Mault had of him his own desire,
He made him tumble into the fire,
And there he lost his burling ire,
He hath not found it yet, sir.
The tailor he came to grind his shears,
Mault and he were together by the ears,
Great is the company Mault still rears,
You never saw the like, sir.

For when his pressing iron was hot,
He pressed a board instead of a coat,
And sailed home in a feather bed boat,
You never saw the like, sir.
So then the tinker did sound his pan,
Then said Master Mault, I must be gone,
I am the good fellow that helpeth each one,
You never saw the like, sir.

The tinker then that he was fain
With Mault to have a bout or twain,
Mault hit him sore in every vein;
 You never saw the like, sir.
Then bespake the tinker anon,
He said he would prove himself a man,
He laid on Mault till the house was gone
 The bung and the tinker fell sick, sir.

The sailor he did curse and ban,
He bad the boy go tap the can,
I'll have a bout with Mault anon,
 You never saw the like, sir.
Aboard they went to try their match,
And there they play'd at hop and catch,
Mault bestowed him under the hatch,
 And made him keep the ship, sir.

Then came the chapman travelling by,
And said, my masters I'll be with ye,
Indeed Master Mault my mouth is dry,
 I will gnaw you with my teeth, sir.
The chapman he laid on apace
Till store of blood came in his face,
But Mault brought him in such a case,
 You never saw the like, sir.

The mason came an oven to make,
The bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound Mault to the good ale-stake,
You never saw the like, sir.

Then Mault began to tell his mind,
And plied them with ale, beer, and wine,
They left brick, axe, and trowel behind,
They could not lay a brick, sir.

Then came the labourer out with his hood,
And saw his two masters how they stood,
He took Master Mault by the hood,
And swore he would him strike, sir.
Mault he ran, and for fear did weep,
The labourer, he did skip and leap,
But Mault cast him into the mortar heap,
And there he fell asleep, sir.

The butcher came to buy a sheep,
He said he would make Mault to creep,
But Mault made him the cat to whip,
You never saw the like, sir.

The glover came to buy a skin,
Mault hit him right above the chin,
The pewter John came doubling in,
You never saw the like, sir.

And laid on head, arms, and joints,
Took away his gloves, and a gross of points,
And swore they had pay'd him in quarts and pints,
 You never saw the like, sir.
Thus of my song I will make an end,
And pray my hostess to be my friend,
To give me some drink now my money is spent,
 Then Mault and I am quits, sir.

XXXVI.

THE DEVONSHIRE NYMPH :

OR,

The Knights happy choice. Shewing how a young
rich Knight fell in love with the Daughter of a
poor Weaver of Devonshire, and for her beauty
and virtue, married her.

IN the West of Devonshire
Liv'd a maid of beauty rare,
 Pretty Peggy was her name ;
Ev'ry creature lov'd her nature,
 Peggy there had all the fame.

Wheresoever I am walking,
Or of whatsoever talking,
Pretty Peggy must come in,
She has so much duty and so much beauty,
Not to worship were a sin.

Fame, that oftentimes doth flatter,
Told the truth of all the matter,
To a young and worthy knight,
One lov'd pleasure, more than treasure,
Beauty was his sole delight.

Straight in love he was involved,
And to try he was resolved,
Whether Peggy would be kind,
But he did never meet with ever
Such a face, and such a mind.

When he first beheld the creature,
All her charms were bent by nature,
Neither spots nor tower she wore,
But she was singing, and a spinning,
At her poor old father's door.

When she saw him she retired,
But his senses all were fired
At the little interview :
Oh, stay, he said, thou lovely maid,
For now I swear report is true.

Straightway then he did pursue her,
And with all his art did woo her,
Kiss'd her hands and bless'd her eyes,
Proffer'd treasure for his pleasure,
But, alas, she all denies.

Golden promises he made her,
And with vows he did persuade her,
But her virtue was so strong,
That all his art ne'er touch'd her heart,
Altho' poor Peggy was but young.

Dearest charmer be not cruel,
To yourself and me, my jewel,
Leave your homely rural sport,
And be but mine, and thou shalt shine
Amongst the glorious stars at court.

All the pride of London city,
That can make young ladies pretty,
And what change affords that's rare,
All shall be, my dear, for thee,
And none with Peggy shall compare.

Sir; said she, do not endeavour,
The poor daughter of a weaver
Has a heart of virtuous mould,
Which no pride can draw aside,
To be corrupted by your gold.

Then, said he, dear Peggy, may be
You'll deny to be a lady,

How does that now suit your mind?
Sir, said she, my low degree
Is still to humble thoughts confin'd.

For that, says he, I ne'er will fault thee,
But for humbleness exalt thee,
Thou this day my bride shall be.
No longer they tarried, but were married,
And lady Margaret was she.

You may think her friends consented,
And that she was well contented,
And I am sure so was the knight,
For all the day they sport and play,
But what they did, God knows, at night.

XXXVII.

VENUS'S LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

[From Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1625.]

VENUS by Adonis' side
Crying kist, and kissing cried,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair,
For Adonis dying there.

Stay (quoth she) O stay and live !
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowers,
To be seen but some few hours.

On his face still as he bled
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kist or wipt away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Fair Proserpina, quoth she,
Shall not have thee yet from me ;
Nor thy soul to fly begin,
While my lips can keep it in.

Here she clos'd again : and some
 Say, Apollo would have come
 To have cured his wounded limb,
 But that she had smother'd him.

XXXVIII.

Song by Richard the First, Cœur de Lion, written
 during his imprisonment in the Tenebreuse, or
 Black Tower.

[Translated by Dr. Burney.—From the second volume of
 Dr. Burney's General History of Music.]

No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
 Unless with pain, and bitterness of soul ;
 Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks,
 Whose voice alone misfortune can controul.
 Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
 Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile ?
 Will none, his sov'reign to redeem, expend
 The smallest portion of his treasures vile ?

Though none may blush that near two tedious years,
Without relief, my bondage has endur'd,
Yet know, my English, Norman, Gascon peers,
Not one of you should thus remain immur'd ;
The meanest subject of my wide domains,
Had I been free, a ransom should have found ;
I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground !

Too true it is, so selfish human race !
“ Nor dead, nor captive, friend or kindred find,”
Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
For lack of gold, my fetters to unbind.
Much for myself I feel, yet ah ! still more
That no compassion from my subjects flows ;
What can from infamy their names restore,
If, while a pris'ner, death my eyes should close.

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,
To find, in spite of all his solemn vows,
My lands are ravag'd by the Gallic chief,
While none my cause has courage to espouse.
Though lofty tow'rs obscure the chearful day,
Yet, through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,
Kind Hope, in gentle whisper's, seems to say,
“ Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom.”

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
Oh Chail and Pensavin aloud declare,
Throughout the earth in everlasting lays,
My foes against me wage inglorious war.
Oh tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes
Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear ;
That infamy will brand to latest times
The insults I receive while captive here.

Know all ye men, of Anjou and Touraine,
And ev'ry bach'lor knight, robust and brave,
That duty now and love alike are vain,
From bonds your sov'reign and your friend to save.
Remote from consolation here I lie,
The wretched captive of a pow'ful foe,
Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,
Nor leaves you aught but pity to bestow !

XXXIX.

MILITARY SONG ON THE FRENCH
CHAMPION ROLAND.

The following song in praise of Roland was translated from the French of the Marquis de Paulmy, by Dr. Burney, and inserted in the second volume of his *History of Music*.

Few heroes have been so fortunate as Roland :

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona ;

but their very names have ingloriously perished. The military renown and amorous adventures of Roland have been consecrated to fame, by the immortal poems of Ariosto and Berni. His daring courage in battle, his gentleness and courtesy after victory, and his enthusiastic love, are still familiar to every reader ; and we have only to regret the loss of his *Chanson*, or military song, which formerly inspirited whole armies to the most perilous exploits. This song would have been a singular curiosity to Englishmen, as it was sung to animate the invading Normans at the battle of Hastings, by Taillefer, one of their Minstrels, riding on horseback at the head of their army.

LET ev'ry valiant son of Gaul
Sing Roland's deeds, her greatest glory,
Whose name will stoutest foes appal,
And feats inspire for future story.

Roland in childhood had no fears,
 Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,
 Which, though it cost his mother tears,
 His father cried, " So much the better :
 " We'll have him for a soldier bred,
 " His strength and courage let us nourish,
 " If bold the heart, though wild the head,
 " In war he'll but the better flourish."

Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland arriv'd at man's estate
 Prov'd that his father well admonish'd,
 For then his prowess was so great
 That all the world became astonish'd,
 Battalions, squadrons, he could break,
 And singly give them such a beating,
 That, seeing him, whole armies quake,
 And nothing think of but retreating.

Let ev'ry, &c.

In single combat 'twas the same :
 To him all foes were on a level,
 For ev'ry one he overcame,
 If giant, sorc'rer, monster, devil.
 His arm no danger e'er could stay,
 Nor was the goddess Fortune fickle,
 For if his foe he did not slay,
 He left him in a rueful pickle.

Let ev'ry, &c.

In scaling walls with highest glee,
He first the ladder fixt, then mounted;
Let him, my boys, our model be,
Who men or perils never counted.
At night, with scouts he watch would keep,
With heart more gay than one in million,
Or else on knapsack sounder sleep
Than general in his proud pavilion.
Let ev'ry, &c.

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
And laid about him like a Tartar,
But if for mercy once they squeak'd,
He was the first to grant them quarter.
The battle won, of Roland's soul
Each milder virtue took possession;
To vanquish'd foes he o'er a bowl
His heart surrender'd at discretion.
Let ev'ry, &c.

When ask'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,
And dangers new each day solicit,
He said, 'tis Charlemagne's command,
To whom our duty is implicit:
His ministers, and chosen few,
No doubt have weigh'd these things in private,
Let us his enemies subdue,
'Tis all that soldiers e'er should drive at.
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland like Christian true would live,
 Was seen at mass, and in procession;
 And freely to the poor would give,
 Nor did he always shun confession.
 But bishop Turpin had decreed
 (His counsel in each weighty matter)
 That 'twas a good and pious deed
 His country's foes to drub and scatter.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

At table Roland ever gay,
 Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and rattle,
 But all was in a prudent way,
 On days of guard, or eve of battle.
 For still to king and country true
 He held himself their constant debtor,
 And only drank in season due,
 When to transact he'd nothing better.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

To captious blades he ne'er would bend,
 Who quarrels sought on slight pretences;
 Though he, to social joys a friend,
 Was slow to give or take offences.
 None e'er had cause his arm to dread
 But those who wrong'd his prince, or nation,
 On whom whene'er to combat led.
 He dealt out death and devastation.
 Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland too much adored the fair,
 From whom e'en heroes are defenceless,
 And by a queen of beauty rare
 He all at once was render'd senseless.
 One hapless morn she left the knight,
 Who, when he miss'd her, grew quite frantic,
 Our pattern let him be in fight:
 His love was somewhat too romantic.

Let ev'ry, &c.

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,
 Who Rome's imperial sceptre wielded,
 Both early dignity and state
 With high command to Roland yielded.
 Yet though a Gen'ral, Count, and Peer,
 Roland's kind heart all pride could smother,
 For each brave man from van to rear
 He treated like a friend and brother.

Let ev'ry, &c.

XL.

SONG FROM THIBAUT, KING OF NAVARRE.

[Translated by Dr. Burney.—From the second volume of
 Dr. Burney's General History of Music.]

I THOUGHT I'd vanquish'd mighty love,
 But find myself deceiv'd;
 For ev'ry hour, alas! I prove
 The conquest unachiev'd.

By day I seek for ease in vain,
Or call on sleep by night ;
Sighs, tears, complaints, increase my pain,
Nor does a hope, ye pow'rs ! remain,
That she will e'er my love requite.

The libertine alone betrays
The kind and constant heart,
But I would die ten thousand ways
Ere pain to her impart.
No thought my throbbing breast can cheer
But her in bliss to see :
Yet in her coy and wild career
Could I but catch this flying deer
How happy then would Theobald be !

This lovely deer, more white than snow,
With locks like burnish'd gold
Which o'er her polish'd shoulders flow,
Courageous is and bold.
In peril oft she stands at bay,
Where wolves with cunning fraught
Are on the watch by night and day
To seize the courteous as their prey
Who set their wicked wiles at naught.

A brave accomplish'd knight o'ercome
And stript of arms and fame,
While barn and vineyard, house and home
Are food for fire and flame ;

Than me less torture feels and pain
While rigour thus I prove,
For never did I yet attain
The gift seraphic of a swain
Who could without a premium love,

The slightest, smallest boon to share
Is all I humbly crave,
To drive away the fiend Despair,
And snatch me from the grave.
And is it then no crime to wound
A faithful lover's heart?
To hear his sad complaints resound,
Then dash him to the abyss profound,
Nor at his cruel suff'rings start.

Pronounce, my fair, a milder doom
Before you've kill'd me quite,
For pity then too late will come
When plung'd in endless night.
A little love while yet I live
Is worth a world in grave,
And 'tis economy to give
When by a trivial donative
A heavy future charge we save.

“The last stanza, which is not entire in the original, has been amplified in the English, to supply a sufficient number of lines, for the melody.”

XLI.

The Laidley* Worm of Spindleston Heughs, a Ballad, five hundred years old, made by the old mountain bard, Duncan Frasier, living in Cheviot. A. D. 1270.

This Ballad was printed in Hutchinson's History of Northumberland, from a communication by the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Norham, (editor of the old Poem, entitled Flodden Field), who pretended to have transcribed it from a very ancient Manuscript. Both the historian and the communicator gravely maintain its antiquity, and assign its composition to the period mentioned in the title. It is almost superfluous to observe that it is a modern forgery, and it is singular that so impudent a fraud should have been successfully practised on Hutchinson.

I am informed by Mr. Turner, to whose suggestions I am much indebted, that a lady now upwards of 70 had heard her mother repeat an older, and nearly similar ballad. If the verses resembled these, they could not be much earlier than her mother's birth. These are undoubtedly more recent. Those who practise these deceptions, usually build their story on some fragment or tradition, and when exposed, appeal to elderly persons if they have not heard it, or something resembling it, in their youth.

THE king is gone from Bamborough castle:

Long may the princess mourn,

Long may she stand on the castle wall,

Looking for his return.

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i. e. loathsome.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en;
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
She tript into the yard;
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day the king
Brought the queen with him home;
And all the lords in our country
To welcome them did come.

Oh! welcome father, the lady cries,
Unto your halls and bowers;
And so are you, my step-mother,
For all that is here is yours.

A lord said, wond'ring while she spake,
This princess of the north
Surpasses all of female kind,
In beauty and in worth.

The envious queen replied, at least
You might have excepted me;
In a few hours I will her bring
Down to a low degree.

I will liken her to a laidley worm,
That warps about the stone,
And not, till Childy Wynd * comes back,
Shall she again be won.

The princess stood at her bower door,
Laughing: who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,
It was costly her to keep,
Was brought her daily, which she drank
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the the cave,
Which held her folded up,
And the stone trough, the very same
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
And word is gone over the sea:
That a laidley worm in Spindleston Heughs
Would ruin the north country.

* There is now a street called the Wynd, at Bamborough.

Word went east, and word went west,
And over the sea did go ;
The child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three ;
I wish I were at Spindleston,
This desperate worm to see.

We have no time now here to waste,
Hence quickly let us sail ;
My only sister Margaret
Something I fear doth ail.

They built a ship without delay,
With masts of the rown-tree,*
With fluttering sails of silk so fine,
And set her on the sea.

They went aboard. The wind with speed
Blew them along the deep ;
At length they spied an huge square tower
On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear,
When they approached nigher ;
King Ida's castle they well knew,
And the banks of Bamboroughshire.

* Mountain ash.

The queen look'd out at a bower window,
 To see what she could see ;
 There she espied a gallant ship
 Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails
 Full glancing in the sun,
 To sink the ship she sent away
 Her witch wives every one.

Their spells were vain. The hags return'd
 To the queen in sorrowful mood,
 Crying, that witches have no power
 Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort—she sent a boat,
 Which in the haven lay,
 With armed men to board the ship ;
 But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
 She plaited round the stone ;
 And as the ship came to the land,
 She bang'd it off again

The child then ran, out of her reach,
 The ship on Budle* sand,
 And, jumping into the shallow sea,
 Securely got to land

* Budle is a small village and port at a little distance from Bamborough.

And now he drew his bonny brown sword,
And laid it on her head,
And swore if she did hasten to him,
That he wou'd strike her dead.

Oh ! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
For though I am a pois'nous worm,
No hurt will I do to thee.

Oh ! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three ;
If I am not won e'er the sun go down,
Won I shall never be.

He quitted his sword, he bent his bow,
He gave her kisses three ;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But stept out a lady.

No cloathing had this lady fine
To keep her from the cold ;
He took his mantle from him about,
And round her did it fold.

He has his mantle from him about
And it he wrapt her in ;
And they are up to Bamborough castle
As fast as they can win.

His absence and her serpent shape
 The king had long deplor'd,
 He now rejoic'd to see them both
 Again to him restor'd.

The queen they wanted, whom they found,
 All pale and sore afraid ;
 Because she knew her power must yield
 To Childy Wynd's ; who said,

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
 An ill death may'st thou dee :
 As thou my sister hast likened,
 So likened shalt thou be.

I will turn thee into a toad,
 That on the ground doth wend ;
 And won and won shalt thou never be,
 Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sands near Ida's tower,
 She crawls a loathsome toad ;
 And venom spits on every maid
 She meets upon the road ;

The virgins all of Bamborough town
 Will swear that they have seen
 This spiteful toad of monstrous size,
 Whilst walking they have been,

All folks believe, within the shire,
 This story to be true ;
 And they all run to Spindleston,
 The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier
 Of Cheviot sings in rhyme ;
 Lest Bamboroughshire men should forget,
 Some part of it in time.

XLII.

KING ZAYDE AND ZELINDAXA, A MOORISH
TALE.

From the Spanish.

From among other romances of the most famous feasts and tournaments of the Moors, I have selected one, the original of which must have been very ancient, as it relates the catastrophe of a Moorish knight in the court of one of the kings of Toledo, which city was re-conquered by the Christians in the year 1085. In my translation of it, my only care has been to preserve the literal sense and spirit of the Spanish version.—Carter's Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga.

IN troops of eight, and troops of ten,
 The Alitarian race,
 With many a Saracinian chief,
 Toledo's circus grace :

To throw the cane, and prove their strength,
 With the Azarques bold,
 With Adalife's comely men,
 The tournament to hold.

These royal sports the king proclaims
 For peace then lately made
 Between Granada's prince Atarfe
 And Belchite's king Zayde.

But Fame reports, the monarch's love
 For a fair Moorish dame
 Was the true cause of all these feasts :
 Zelindaxa her name.

First to the field, on fiery steeds,
 The Saracini flew,
 Their cloaks and jackets richly shone,
 Of green and orange hue.

Sharp scymeters, embost with gold,
 Each shining target shows ;
 And letters which defiance bore
 Against their country's foes.

Swiftly the Alitares next
 Enter the listed field
 A goodly sight their scarlet coats
 With snow-white flow'rets yield.

Their targets, for device the sky,
By Atlas propt, did show,
And a motto fair, which said,
“ Until fatigued I grow.”

Next Adalife's gallant knights
O'er the field stately ride,
With coats of red and yellow clad,
A veil* to each arm tied.

A double knot was their device,
By a wild man undone,
On whose enormous club was writ,
“ This through our valour won.”

The last, but bravest troop, the Moor
Azarque most portly leads :
Their vests were purple mixt with blue,
And plumes adorn their heads.

On their green shields,† with azure ground,
Two joined hands are seen,
And the letters there inscribed,
“ Surrounded by the green.”

* Almayzal is the Arabic name of a striped silken veil, or head-dress, worn by the Moorish women. It was the usual favour, in the days of knight-errantry, for the ladies to give them to their knights, who tied them as a signal on their arms, as being the most conspicuous place.

† Green was the peculiar colour affected by Mahomet, his descendants, and the princes of the Mahometan faith : this device shews, that Zelindaxa was of royal blood.

The furious king this emblem read,
And, jealous, could not bear
That Zelindaxa's heart with him
Another man should share.

To Selim, his Alcayde, he said,
" This Sun, which shines so bright,
" And dares, in my despite, to blaze,
" Shall quenched be this night."

With matchless art, resistless force,
Azarque now throws his cane,
* And as his courser measures back
With speed the dusty plain,

* The chief art in the Juego de Cañas is, to ride full-speed, throw the cane at a certain mark, and then suddenly turn the horse back with equal swiftness. It was surely invented to train their horses to the Arabian manner of riding up to their enemy, and, after casting javelins, retreating with expedition before the adversary could return their stroke. This custom, as old as the Parthian empire in the east, is, to this day, practised in Arabia. Niehbuhr, in his description of that country, has given us a plate wherein the dola or governor and principal Arabs of Loheia in Yemen are represented in quadrilles, throwing canes at each other.

This sport was revived on the marriage of the prince of Asturias, at Madrid, where the quadrilles were composed of the noblest youth in the kingdom, headed each by a prince of the blood.

The admiring croud tumultuous shout,
“Alha thee save !” they cry :
The ladies, from the royal seats,
Applaud him passing by.

Transported Zelindaxa throws
* Perfumes upon her knight.
The king, with bitter grief and rage,
At this heart-breaking sight,

Calls to the cavaliers to cast
Their slender canes away,
And the presumptuous Azarque
To seize without delay.

Two of the four quadrilles, with haste,
Take lances in their hands ;
For who shall venture to resist
An angry king’s commands ?

The other two would fain have fought,
Their utmost aid to lend ;
But Azarque cries, “In vain you try
“To save your wretched friend.

* The Spanish ladies have retained from the Moors their gallant way of throwing rose-water, perfumes, flowers, &c. on their lovers and favourites, as they pass under their balconies during the carnival; a liberty allowed at no other season. Many a lady waits the return of the carnival, to make this tacit declaration of her sentiments.

“ Put down your lances ; let them come
 “ And strike the deadly blow ;
 “ That I a lover true expire,
 “ This fatal day shall show.”

Azarque, at length, o’ercome and seiz’d,
 With grief the people see,
 And take up arms to give him help,
 So well belov’d was he,

From her balcony Zelindaxa
 Exelaims, with all her might,
 “ Save him, ye Moors, O save him now,
 “ Preserve my faithful knight.”

Then headlong down she strives to throw
 Herself in fell despair ;
 Her mother holds her in her arms,
 And soothes her frantic care.

“ Dost thou not see, my daughter dear,
 “ That nothing can withstand
 “ What a stern, royal lover’s rage
 “ Shall cruelly command ?”

A message from the monarch came,
 Enjoining her to choose,
 In some relation’s secret house,
 Her liberty to lose.

Fair Zelindaxa to the king
Made straightway this reply :
“ The memory of Azarque shall be
“ My prison till I die.
“ And thou shalt see that I will dare
“ Resist with constancy,
“ Whate’er a savage, bloody king
“ May impiously decree.”

XLIII.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

By Percy.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent’s roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
 The lonely Hermit lay :
 When, lo ! he heard a female voice
 Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
 And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
 And, snatching up a lighted brand,
 Forth hied the rev'rend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
 A beauteous maid he found,
 Who beat her breast, and with her tears
 Bedew'd the mossy ground.

O ! weep not, lady, weep not so ;
 Nor let vain fears alarm ;
 My little cell shall shelter thee,
 And keep the safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
 Nor for myself I fear :
 But for my dear and only friend,
 Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought,
 Within this lonely wood,
 Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
 Have slipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :

O ! tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said ;
The lady's safe and well :
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
 Beneath the Regent's* hand,
 In feats of arms, and every lore,
 To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd,
 My native land to see :
 At length I won my guardian friend,
 To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
 I wandered as in chace,
 Till in the noble Neville's† house
 I gain'd a hunter's place.

Some time with him I liv'd unknown,
 Till I'd the hap so rare,
 To please this young and gentle dame,
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now, Percy, said the blushing maid,
 The truth I must reveal ;
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,
 Their noble deeds conceal.

* Robert Stuart, duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of Brancepeth, and Raby, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

It happen'd on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander'd forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;
The Scots were overthrown ;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :
Blest were the wounds I bare !
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride ;
But oh ! we fear'd, (alas, the while !)
Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE,*
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favor show.

Despairing then to gain consent ;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood :

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

* Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
Awhile your cares forego :
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;
—— We'll pass the night below. *

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
 They lov'd each other dear :
 The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
 The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
 Beheld so sweet a pair :
 The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
 She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
 With bugle-horn so bright :
 She in a silken robe and scarf
 Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage ;
 Sweet rest your limbs require :
 Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
 And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
 Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
 And spreading all upon the board,
 Invites with kindly words,

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,
 The youthful couple say :
 Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
 And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows,
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call.)

Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
 Beyond the reach of strife,
 Nor long before the brave old earl
 At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
 Our northern pride and boast,
 Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
 Their honours reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
 Now leads our youth to arms ;
 The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
 And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
 Now moulder in decay ;
 Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
 And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
 Runs winding down the lea,
 Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
 And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
 With noisome weeds o'erspread,
 Where feasted lords, and courtly dames,
 And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown :
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the Percy still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee ?
Then bless me, father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am He.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head.

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care :
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair ?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth :
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
 At length he wip'd the trickling tears
 That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe ;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

YOUNG lord, thy grandsire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;
 Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
 His friend was at his side ;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valor tried.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
 As fair as fair might be ;
 The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
 Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon tow'rs her dwelling place ;*
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall :
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

* Widdrington castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
 The castle rung around :
 Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms
 Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
 They sung : their high command :
 " How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
 " First led his northern band.*

" Brave Galfred next to Normandy
 " With venturous Rollo came ;
 " And from his Norman castles won,
 " Assum'd the Percy name.†

They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
 " Lord William shipp'd his powers,
 " And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride,
 " With all her lands and towers.‡

* See Dugdale's Baronetage, page 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three Places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname of De Percy

‡ William de Percy, (fifth in descent from Galfred, or Geffery de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the

- " Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 " There bravely fought and died :
 " But first the silver Crescent wan,
 " Some Paynim Soldan's pride,

 " They sung, how Agnes, beauteous heir,
 " The queen's own brother wed,
 " Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
 " In princely Brabant bred.*

 " How he the Percy name reviv'd,
 " And how his noble line
 " Still foremost in their country's cause,
 " With godlike ardour shine."

conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte, (so the Norman writers name her) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, " he, (to use the words of the old Whitby " Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in " discharging of his conscience." See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.) —He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first Crusade.

* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Louvaine, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

What sweet surprize o'erpowered her breast !
 Her cheek what blushes dyed !
 When fondly he besought her there
 To yield to be his bride.

Within this lonely hermitage
 There is a chapel meet :
 Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
 And make my bliss complete.

O HENRY ! when thou deign'st to sue,
 Can I thy suit withstand ?
 When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
 Can I refuse my hand ?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
 And mother's tender care ;
 And whether weal or woe betide,
 Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
 Such matchless favour show,
 To share with me, a banish'd wight,
 My peril, pain, or woe ?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
 To crown thy constant breast ;
 For, know, fond hope assures my heart
 That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,*
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee :

'Tis father Bernard, so rever'd
For every worthy deed ;
To Raby castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer

* In the little Island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony arch
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows ;
The chief, a chapel neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession fram'd
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutchon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair ?

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible only somewhat effaced with length of time.

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
 Applaud the master's song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
 Their perils past recall :
 When, lo ! a damsel, young and fair,
 Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;
 And kneeling on her knee
 Sir knight, the lady of thy love
 Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,
 Well-plated many a fold,
 The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
 The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
 And yields to be thy bride,
 When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
 Where sharpest blows are tried.

Young Bertram took the shining helm
 And thrice he kiss'd the same :
 Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
 With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord Percy and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse or more :
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The Percy-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mein,
And thus his friend address'd :

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helm,
 Attack yon forward band ;
 Dead or alive, I'll rescue thee,
 Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
 And spurr'd his eager steed,
 And calling on his Lady's name,
 Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
 The livid lightning rends ;
 So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
 Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
 And keenly pierces thro' ;
 And many a tall and comely knight
 With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side
 They hem Sir Bertram round ;
 But dauntless he repels their rage,
 And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
 Had well-nigh won the field ;
 When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
 And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temple took,
And reft his helm in twain;
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift!
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in with stretch'd-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part,
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
 The Scots reluctant yield,
 And, after wondrous valour shewn,
 They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields,
 And weltering in his gore,
 Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
 To Wark's fair castle * bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,
 Her father kindly said ;
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;
 Fair Isabel ne'er appears :
 Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou cans't ride ;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound ;
 Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

Wark castle; a fortress belonging to the English,
 of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern
 banks of the River Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale,
 not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

FIT THE THIRD,

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear ;
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care ;
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy Lady fair.

Now out, alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and past,
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall ;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure if no sad harm had happ'd
Long since thou would'st her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's breast,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind :
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range :
Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
'Till she is restored again.

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sate under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that e'er I saw,
Are full of game and glee ;
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged lord
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance (he said)
Some tidings I may bear :
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower,

And when I ask'd what harm had happ'd,
What Lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minstrel's song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ?

My lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a Minstrel's song :
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win ;
But, alas ! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice,
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad,

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can 'scape the lover's ken ?
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
 Behind the flying pair,
 And saw her hang upon his arm
 With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
 My thanks thou well hast won :
 For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?
 For me what dangers run ?

And ever shall my grateful heart
 Thy services repay :—
 Sir Bertram would no farther hear,
 But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that lady up !
 And quick his sword he drew :
 The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
 And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigourous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow :
 But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
 And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die ! —A deadly thrust
 Attends each furious word.
 Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
 And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay !—
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?—
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they :
'They sigh'd ; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow !
The Hermit paus'd ; they silent mourn'd :
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound ;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My Brother, alas ! spake never more ;
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my Father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love
I had refus'd with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me,
Upon that fatal morn :

And in these dreary hated walls,
He kept me close confin'd :
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me, captive, free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay:

And rising up in furious haste
I seiz'd the bloody brand :*
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

* i. e. sword.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
 Had miss'd their lovely ward;
 And seizing me to prison bore,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
 Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
 And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
 To England were convey'd ;
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
 And long to end it thought ;
 'Till time, and books, and holy men
 Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows :
 They taught me to despise the world,
 And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
 Vain hope, and sordid care
 I meekly vow'd to spend my life
 In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild ;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely Anchoret
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove,

My noble Friend approv'd my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave ;
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave,

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here ;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint,
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue.

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
 Forsaken, or forgot;
 The Percy and his noble sons
 Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
 And cumb'rous pomp of power,
 Would gladly seek my little cell,
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
 I liv'd to mourn his fall :
 I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons,
 And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
 Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
 And raise again the Percy name
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
 They ask the good old sire ;
 And guided by his sage advice,
 To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville, and his princely spouse,
Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her nephew's* throne,
The royal grace implor'd :
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame :
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

XLIV.

THE DEATH-SONG OF RAGNAR LODBRACH,

or Lodbrog, king of Denmark ;

Translated from the Latin of Olaus Wormius, by Hugh
Downman.

[Bp. Percy published the original and a prose translation of
this Song in 1763. See his Five Pieces of Runic Poetry.]

RAGNAR LODBRACH flourished in the eighth century, and
by his naval expeditions rendered himself the terror of
the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on
his depredations with success for many years, he was at
length taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland,
whose coasts he had invaded, and put to death by him,
being (as was reported) cast into a dungeon full of ser-
pents. His melancholy fate stimulated his son Ivar to
revenge it; and on this occasion the famous standard of
the Raven is said to have been embroidered by his sisters,
and consecrated with such magic rites as insured victory
to those before whom it was borne. Under this standard
Ivar made a descent on the territories of Ella, fought
with, vanquished, and put him to death in his turn.

This poem is preserved by Olaus Wormius, in his treatise *De
Literaturâ Runicâ*. While the frequent return of the
same images and expressions shews the author's ignorance
of the nicer rules of composition, he exhibits a species of
savage greatness, a fierce and wild kind of sublimity, and
a noble contempt of danger and death.

An account of the original Runic, and particular construction of the verse, the harmony of which did not depend on rhyme, but on the number of corresponding syllables, and disposition of letters, may be seen in Olaus Wormius's Appendix. The reader is referred, likewise, to Dr. Blair's Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian. If for no other reason, this Epicedium is valuable, as it, doubtless, affords a lively picture of the manners and sentiments of the northern nations.

WITH our sword's resistless might,
We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
In early life, his volum'd train
The crested serpent roll'd in vain.
Thora's charms, the matchless prize;
Gothland saw my fame arise.
Thronging crowds the monster scan,
Shouts applausive hail me Man.
All his fierceness prompt to try,
The shaggy vestment cloth'd my thigh :
Soon transpierced, in death he lay,
My falchion smote for splendid pay.

Still a youth, we steer our course,*
T'ward the morning's distant source ;

* From this exploit, Ragnar obtained his surname of Lodbrach, or Hairy-breeches. For the king of Gothland having promised his daughter Thora to the man who should kill a vast serpent which wasted the country, Ragnar undertook

Through the vast Oreonic flood
 Torrents run of crimson blood.
 The yellow-footed bird we feast,
 Plenty fills the ravenous beast.

the enterprise, and dressing himself in the skins of beasts, with the hairy side outermost, threw water over them; the cold, to which he purposely exposed himself, forming round him a suit (as it were) of frozen armour. He met the serpent, whose teeth had no effect on this impenetrable mail, fixed him to the ground with his spear, and ripping him up with his sword, tore out his heart. After the victory the king presented him his daughter, and, on account of his rough dress, gave him the name above mentioned, by which he was from that time distinguished.

Olaus Magnus relates this adventure, but says, he fought with, and killed two snakes. That the king had taken them when young, and bred them up as a guard for his daughter; but as they increased in size they became a public terror, and poisoned the country.

Such is the fabulous beginning attributed by bards and historians to the actions of Ragnar Lodbrach. Such a hero could not first appear on the stage in the common way. St. George and the Dragon, and Hercules strangling two snakes, while in his cradle, naturally arise in the mind. In more obscure and early ages, the romantic hath always been mixed with the true.—The subsequent adventures of Ragnar seem, however, better founded, and carry no marks of fable till we come to the last scene, when the manner of his death is as wonderful and incredible as his first appearance.

According to Olaus Wormius, every stanza began with the words

Pugnativimus ensibus
 We have fought with swords.

Our steel-struck helms sublime resound,
The sea is all one bleeding wound.
Our foes lie weltering on the shore,
Deep the raven wades in gore.

Crown'd with twenty rolling years,
High we raise our glittering spears,
And deeds of glorious worth display,
Wherever shines the lamp of day.
Still we the trembling east appal,
Eight mighty chiefs at Dimen fall.
We scorn with mean and niggard food,
To treat the generous eagle brood.
The wound its ruddy sweat distils,
The gaping ocean carnage fills,
Their host is struck with dire dismay,
Its strength of years dissolves away.

War and death terrific lower
When th' Helsingians brave our power :
We urge them down the gloomy road,
They throng t'ward Odin's dark abode.
The Vistula beheld our course,
Our navy stem its rapid force,
The biting sword descended steep,
One wound extensive glow'd the deep :
Its shores the reeking current died,
Our falchions mock'd their armour's pride
With echoing voices roar'd amain,
And cleft their stubborn shields in twain.

No warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
Till on the deck Heraudus bled.
A braver chief, to distant lands
Ne'er guided his victorious bands
Ne'er beheld a chief more brave
His ships of battle plough the wave.
His art impell'd by conscious might.
With eager transport fought the fight.

Their shields aside each warrior threw;
The spear on rapid pinion flew
Heroes its deadly speed confest,
It quiver'd in the dauntless breast.
With hunger keen the trenchant sword
Wide the Scarfian rocks engor'd.
His shield became of purple grain
E'er Rafno fell, the king of men.
From every helm-encircled crown,
The blood warm sweat in streams ran down.

Round th' Indirian isles that day
The crows were surfeited with prey.
There the wild beast ingluttred stood,
For plenteous was the feast of blood.
All fought as one, no single name
Claim'd the distinguish'd mark of fame.
When first appear'd day's flaming star,
I saw the piercing darts of war,
The barbed arrows took their flight
When first he streak'd the east with light.

Our swords loud-bellow'd o'er the slain
Till Eislin fell on Laneo's plain.
Thence enrich'd with golden spoil,
War to our routed foemen's soil
We bring : where helmets throng'd the field
The falchion cut the pictured shield ;
Their necks deep-pierc'd, with must abound,
It flows their cloven brains around.

Drench'd in blood our shields we rear,
The oil of blood anoints our spear.
In the Boringholmian bay
Making its quick tempestuous way,
The cloud of darts was onward borne,
Our targets were in sunder torn.
The bows their iron shower expel,
In the fierce conflict Volnir fell.
No king on earth could him exceed,
In valour and heroic deed,
Wide o'er the land the slaughter'd lay,
The howling beasts embrac'd their prey.

The battle rag'd with heighten'd lust,
E'er princely Freyer bit the dust.
His breast plate's golden mail of yore
The hard blue sword, insteep'd in gore,
Conflicting with our warrior host,
Had hewn upon the Flandrian coast.
The virgin struck with woe appears
When she that morning's carnage hears,

A copious banquet we had given
To the fierce wolf, and birds of heaven.

Gasping in death these eyes survey'd,
An hundred times an hundred laid.
In haste we sail'd, a dreadful band,
To combat on Ænglane's land :
Six following days the rising sun
Beheld the strife of swords begun,
And six succeeding evenings close,
Till prostrate fall our vanquish'd foes,
Urg'd by our steel to sink in sight,
Valdiorfur confess'd its might.

The rain of blood our falchions pour,
It smokes on Bardafyrdea's shore.
Doom'd to the hawks a pallid crowd,
The murmuring string was twang'd aloud.
Then where in Odin's deathful fight
The greedy sword, with eager bite,
Devour'd the cuirass, there the bow,
The casque, the morion, swiftly flow,
The bow with poison sharp to wound,
With sanguine sweat besprinkled round.

The sport of war intent to try,
We rear our magic shields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
First began th' heroic play.

The vengeful swords whirl'd o'er the main-
Their strong-knit bucklers tear in twain ;
With mingled clash our arms resound,
The helms of men to dust are ground.
Not with more transport by his side
The lover clasps his beauteous bride.

The thick-rai'd storm our shields defy ;
In Northumbria's land they lie,
Their gory carcasses bestrew
The soil, and taint the morning dew,
Routed they fled with wild dismay,
Their boasted warriors dar'd nor stay,
Where the sword with grim delight
Their helmets polish'd plains would bite.
The genial bed such rapture warms,
Blest with the youthful widow's charms.

Herthiofe escap'd our force,
And widely sped his prosperous course,
Where with rude rocks against the skies
The southern Orcades arise,
While he who gave us, to display,
And shine in victory's bright array,
Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
Compell'd by fate's stern mandate, died.
Plung'd in the storm of arms he fell ;
Then mourn'd the hawks with shrieking yell.

For dreadful in the sport of war,
The darts of blood he hurl'd afar ;
The darts of blood he well could wield,
The shatter'd helms bestrew'd the field.

Heaps pil'd on heaps the warriors lie,
The hawk looks down with joyous eye,
The pastime sees, and clotted gore,
Envyng the eagle, nor the boar.
Together rush the shield and sword,
Then fell Irlandia's haughty lord,
Marstan ; he floats in Vedra's bay,
The hungry raven's destined prey.

Amid the weapons strifeful scorn,
Many a hero, in the morn
Of life and glory, press'd the plain.
My son, mature in fame, was slain,
Ripe in renown the dust he press'd,
The griding falchion rived his breast,
By Egill, dauntless Agner dies,
He rends his arms, the victor's prize.
In Hamdus' corselet sounds the lance,
Red lightnings from the standards glance.

Sparing of words, the brave I view ;
Their foes they prodigally slew,

Thrown to the wolves ; th' Endilian flood
For seven whole days was stain'd with blood.
So looks the wine our handmaids bear,
Died deep the impurpled ships appear.
The falchion raging mid th' alarms,
And hoarse tumultuous din of arms,
Gash'd many a mailed cuirass bright,
In Scioldungia's fatal fight.

I saw the widow's darling joy,
I saw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
Saw them in morning beauty gay,
Saw set in death their youthful ray.
Warm with many a glowing stream,
Ila's ruddy billows gleam,
As by circling nymphs supplied,
The fervid bath, in copious tide,
From the vine's nectareous hoard,
Floats around the social board.
E'er Orn expir'd, with frequent stroke,
I saw his blood-stain'd buckler broke ;
By strong necessity control'd,
Inverted life forsakes the bold.

The game of slaughtering swords, we haste,
Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waste,
With three contending kings to try ;
How few escape ! rejoic'd to fly !

The wild beasts gnarring throng the strand,
The hawk and wolf commingled stand,
Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
Nor till with carnage cramm'd, retire.
While fierce we smote, th' Hybernian's blood,
With copious torrents swell'd the flood.

The steel's sharp fang, and bite severe
The buckler prov'd ; the whizzing spear,
Speeding to its direction true,
The breast-plate chased of golden hue.
On ugs will mark for many an age
The traces of that battle's rage.
There march'd the kings with eager feet
Intent the sport of swords to meet.
The crimson'd isle, on all its coast
Saw the red foaming billows tost.
Or from the desperate fight rebounds,
A flying dragon full of wounds,

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the sure approach of death ;
The thought of death their bosom warms,
They meet it in the storm of arms,
He oft deplores this fickle state,
Who never dar'd the frowns of fate.
Lur'd by the check of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near,

The coward, to himself a pest,
Forbids the shield to guard his breast.

This I establish just and right,
That hurrying on to closest fight,
Youth against youth, with fervent heat,
Should rush, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the hero's pride ;
And all who by the virgin's side
Aspire to lie, and taste her charms,
Should nobly stem the roar of arms.

Doubtless the fates our actions lead,
Beyond their limits none can tread.
Little of yore did I foresee,
That Ella would my death foresee,
When half-expiring with my wound,
Anxious I threw my garb around ;
Conceal'd it from the warrior train,
And launch'd my vessels on the main :
Then over all the Scotian flood
We gave the beasts of prey their food.

Hence springing in my thoughtful mind,
A never failing joy I find ;
For well I know superbly graced,
For me the lofty seat is placed,

For me the gen'rous mead shall foam
 In father Balder's festal dome :
 From goblets pour'd its copious tide
 By skulls of recreant foes supplied.
 The brave shall ne'er lament their death
 In Odin's splendid courts beneath ;
 No clamours vain I thither bear,
 No sickly murmurs of despair.

Aslanga's sons would soon draw nigh,
 With utmost swiftness hither fly,
 And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright
 Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,
 If told, or could they but divine
 What woe, what dire mischance is mine,
 How many serpents round me hang,
 And tear my flesh with poisonous fang ;
 A mother to my sons I gave,
 With native worth who stamp'd them brave.

Fast to th' hereditary end,
 To my allotted goal I tend.
 Fix'd is the viper's mortal harm ;
 Within my heart, his mansion warm,
 In the recesses of my breast
 The writhing snake hath form'd his nest.
 Yet Odin may in vengeance spread
 The bloody scourge o'er Ella's head,

My son's fierce anger, at the tale,
Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
The fiery youths, at my decease,
Shall starting shun the seat of peace.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
My standard rear'd, and poised my shield,
War's willing guest; nor deem'd the force
Of human hand would check my course.
Panting to gain a matchless name,
And soar o'er every king in fame,
For well in earliest years I taught
My sword to drink the crimson draught,
The sisters now my steps invite;
Unmoved I quit the realms of light.

Warn'd from within——break off the lay!
Th' inviting Sisters chide my stay.
By Odin sent, I hear their call,
They bid me to his fatal hall.
With them high-throned, the circling bowl
Of foaming mead shall cheer my soul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the last pangs of death.

XLV.

HIRLAS OWAIN,

OR,

The Drinking-Horn of Owen.

The following ballad was composed by Owain Cyveilioc Prince of Powys, entitled by him Hirlas, from a Drinking-Horn so called, used at feasts in his palace.—This ballad was composed on account of a battle fought with the English at Maelor, which is a part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division. Owain was driven out of his country by Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and Rhys-ap-Griffith-ap-Rhys-ap-Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, A. D. 1167, and recovered it by the help of the Normans and English under Henry the Second.—He flourished about A. D. 1160, in the time of Owen Gwynedd and his son David.*

This translation is published from Mr. Pennant's Tour to Wales, who says he owes it to the elegant pen of a gentleman who has frequently obliged him.—Mr. Pennant has given a particular account of the Drinking-Horns.

Another translation of the Hirlas Owain is inserted in the second volume of Hoare's Giraldus, p. 217.

UPROSE the ruddy dawn of day ;
The armies met in dread array
On Maelor Drefred's field :
Loud the British clarions sound,
The Saxons, gasping on the ground,
The bloody contest yield.

* See Evans's Specimens of the Welch Poetry, Edit. 1774.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled ;
From Owen's arm the coward fled
Aghast with wild affright :
Let then their haughty lords beware
How Owen's just revenge they dare,
And tremble at his sight.

Fill the Hirlas horn, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
That warble Owen's praise ;
Whose walls with warlike spoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung
In Cambria's peaceful days.

This hour we dedicate to joy ;
Then fill the Hirlas horn, my boy,
That shineth like the sea ;
Whose azure handles, tip'd with gold,
Invite the grasp of Britons bold,
The sons of liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,
Mead will noblest deeds inspire.
Now the battle's lost and won,
Give the horn to Gronwy's son
Put it into Gwgan's hand,
Bulwark of his native land,
Guardian of Sabrina's flood,
Who oft has dy'd his spear in blood.

When they hear their chieftain's voice,
Then his gallant friends rejoice ;
But when to fight he goes, no more
The festal shout resounds on Severn's winding shore.

Fill the gold-tip'd horn with speed,
(We must drink, it is decreed.)
Badge of honour, badge of mirth,
That calls the soul of music forth !
As thou wilt thy life prolong.
Fill it with metheglin strong.
Gruffudd thirsts, to Gruffudd fill ;
Whose bloody lance is us'd to kill ;
Matchless in the field of strife,
His glory ends not with his life :
Dragon-son of Cynvyn's race,
Owen's shield, Arwystli's grace.
To purchase fame the warriors flew,
Dire, and more dire, the conflict grew :
When flush'd with mead, they bravely fought,
Like Belyn's warlike sons, that Edwin's downfal
wrought.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up my boy, be quicker ;
Hence away, despair and sorrow !
Time enough to sigh to-morrow.
Let the brimming goblet smile,
And Ednyfed's cares beguile ;

Gallant youth, unus'd to fear,
Master of the broken spear,
And the arrow-pierced shield,
Brought with honour from the field,
Like an hurricane is he,
Bursting on the troubled sea.
See their spears distain'd with gore !
Hear the din of battle roar !
Bucklers, swords, together clashing,
Sparkles from their helmets flashing !
Hear ye not their loud alarms ?
Hark ! they shout—to arms ! to arms !
Thus were Garthen's plains defended,
Maelor fight began and ended.
There two princes fought, and there [fear,
Was Morach Vorvran's feast exchange'd for rout and

Fill the horn : 'tis my delight,
When my friends return from fight,
Champions of their country's glory,
To record each gallant story—
To Ynyr's comely offspring fill,
Foremost in the battle still ;
Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,
As heroes of maturer age ;
In peace, and war, alike renown'd,
Be their brows with garlands crown'd ;
Deck'd with glory let them shine,
The ornament and pride of Ynyr's ancient line !

To Selyf fill, of eagle-heart,
 Skill'd to hurl the fatal dart :
 With the Wolf's impetuous force
 He urgeth on his headlong course.
 To Tudor next, great Madoc's son,
 They the race of honour run
 Together in the tented field,
 And both alike disdain to yield.
 Like a lion in the fray,
 Tudor darts upon his prey.
 Rivals in the feats of war,
 Where danger call'd, they rush'd from far :
 Till shatter'd by some hostile stroke,
 With horrid clang their shields were broke ;
 Loud as the foaming billows roar,
 Or fierce contending winds on Talgath's stormy shore.

Fill the horn with rosy wine,
 Brave Moreiddig claims it now,
 Chieftain of an ancient line,
 Dauntless heart, and open brow.

To the warrior it belongs,
 Prince of battles, theme of songs !
 Pride of Powys, Mochnant's boast !
 Guardian of his native coast !—
 But ah ! his short-liv'd triumph's o'er,
 Brave Moreiddig is no more !

To his pensive ghost we'll give
Due remembrance, while we live
And in fairy fiction dress'd,
Flowing hair, and sable vest,
The tragic Muse shall grace our songs, [prolongs.
While brave Moreiddig's name the mournful strain

Pour out the horn, (tho' he desire it not)
And heave a sigh on Morgan's early grave;
Doom'd in his clay-cold tenement to rot,
While we revere the memory of the brave.

Fill again the Hirlas horn.
On that ever-glorious morn,
The Britons and their foes between,
What prodigies of might were seen!
On Gwestyn's plain the fight began;
But Gronwy sure was more than man!
Him to resist, on Gwestyn's plain,
A hundred Saxons strove in vain.
To set the noble Meyric free,
And change his bonds to liberty,
The warriors vow'd. The God of day
Scarce darted his meridian ray,
When he beheld the conquerors steep'd in gore,
And Gwestyn's bloody fight, e'er highest, noon was
o'er.

Now a due libation pour
 To the spirits of the dead,
 Who, that memorable hour,
 Made the hostile plain their bed.
 There the glitt'ring steel was seen,
 There the twanging bow was heard;
 There the mighty press'd the green,
 Recorded by the faithful Bard.
 Madoc there, and Meilir brave,
 Sent many a Saxon to his grave.
 Their drink was mead; their hearts were true;
 And to the head their shafts they drew;
 But Owen's guards, in terrible array,
 Resistless march along, and make the world give way.

Pour the sweet transparent mead,
 (The spear is red in time of need)
 And give to each departed spirit
 The honour and reward of merit.
 What cares surround the regal state,
 What anxious thoughts molest the great,
 None but a prince himself can know,
 And Heav'n, that ruleth kings, and lays the mighty
 low.

For Daniel fill the horn so green,
 Of haughty brow, and angry mien;
 While the less'ning tapers shine,
 Fill it up with gen'rous wine.

He no quarter takes, nor gives,
But by spoils and rapine lives.
Comely is the youth, and brave :
But obdurate as the grave.
Hadst thou seen, in Maelor fight,
How we put the foe to flight !
Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms,
When the foe rush'd on in in swarms !
Round about their prince they stood,
And stain'd their swords with hostile blood.
Glorious bulwarks ! To their praise
Their prince devotes his latest lays.—
Now, my boy, thy task is o'er ;
Thou shalt fill the horn no more,
Long may the King of kings protect,
And crown with bliss, my friends elect ;
Where liberty and truth reside,
And virtue, truth's immortal bride !
There may we all together meet,
And former times renew in heav'nly converse sweet !

R. W.

XLVI.

ELPHIN'S CONSOLATION :

From the Welch of Taliesin.

[Translated by a Lady.]

Taliesin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century.

His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.—Taliesin, when an infant, was found exposed on the water, wrapped in a leather bag, in a wear which had been granted to Elphin, son of Gwyddno, for his support. The young prince, reduced by his extravagance, burst into tears, at finding, as he imagined, so unprofitable a booty. However, he took pity on the infant, and caused proper care to be taken of him. After this, Elphin prospered; and Taliesin, when he grew up, wrote the following moral Ode, supposed to have been addressed to the prince by the infant bard, on the night in which he was found.

[From Mr. Pennant's Journey to Snowdon.]

ELPHIN! fair as roseate morn,
Cease, O lovely youth! to mourn;
Mortals never should presume
To dispute their Maker's doom.

Feeble race! too blind to scan
What th' Almighty deigns for man;
Humble hope be still thy guide,
Steady faith thy only pride,
Then despair will fade away,
Like demons at th' approach of day,
Cunllo's prayers acceptance gain,
Goodness never sues in vain;
He, who form'd the sky is just,
In him alone, O Elphin! trust.
See glist'ning spoils in shoals appear,
Fate smiles this hour on Gwyddon's wear.

Elphin fair! the clouds dispel
That on thy lovely visage dwell;
Wipe, ah! wipe the pearly tear,
Nor let thy manly bosom fear;
What good can melancholy give?
'Tis bondage in her train to live.
Pungent sorrows doubts proclaim,
Ill suits those doubts a Christian's name;
Thy great Creator's wonders trace,
His love, divine to mortal race,
Then doubt, and fear, and pain will fly,
And hope beam radiant in thine eye.
Behold me, least of human kind,
Yet heav'n illumines my soaring mind.
Lo! from the yawning deep I came,
Friend to thy lineage and thy fame,

To point thee out the paths of truth,
To guard from hidden rocks thy youth :
From seas, from mountains, far and wide,
God will the good and virtuous guide.

Elphin fair? with virtue blest,
Let not that virtue idly rest ;
If rous'd, 'twill yield thee suré relief,
And banish far unmanly grief :
Think on that pow'r whose arm can save,
Who e'en can snatch thee from the grave ;
He bade my harp for thee be strung,
Prophetic lays he taught my tongue.
'Though like a slender reed I grow,
Toss'd by the the billows to and fro',
Yet still, by him inspir'd, my song
The weak can raise, confound the strong ;
Am not I better, Elphin, say,
Than thousands of thy scaly prey?

Elphin! fair as roseate morn,
Cease, O lovely youth! to mourn,
Where on my leathern couch I lie,
Yet heav'nly lore I can descry ;
Gifts divine my tongue inspire,
My bosom glows celestial fire ;
Mark! how it mounts! my lips disclose
 certain fate of Elphin's foes.

Fix thy hopes on him alone,
 Who is th' eternal Three in One;
 There thy ardent vows be given,
 Prayer acceptance meets from Heaven:
 Then thou shalt adverse fate defy,
 And Elphin glorious live and die.

XLVII.

AN ANGLO-NORMAN DRINKING SONG,

Translated by F. Douce, Esq. and inserted in his
 Illustrations of Shakspeare.

MR. DOUCE (whose knowledge of Anglo-Norman literature is perhaps unrivalled), esteems the original "the most ancient drinking Song, composed in England, that is extant." The translation is executed with exemplary fidelity, and yet breathes the spirit of an original. It is to be hoped the Public may be gratified with future favours from the same pen. The Illustrations of Shakspeare abound with curious and recondite information.

LORDINGS, from a distant home,
 To seek old Christmas we are come,
 Who loves our minstrelsy :
 And here, unless report mis-say,
 The grey-beard dwells; and on this day
 Keeps yearly wassel, ever gay,
 With festive mirth and glee. [lays,
 To all who honour CHRISTMAS, and commend our
 Love will his blessings send, and crown with joy their
 [days.

Lordings list, for we tell you true;
 Christmas loves the jolly crew
 That cloudy care defy:
 His liberal board is deftly spread
 With manchet loaves and Wastel-bread;
 His guests with fish and flesh are fed,
 Nor lack the stately pye.

Lordings, you know that far and near,
 The saying is "who gives good cheer;
 And freely spends his treasure;
 On him will bounteous heav'n bestow,
 Twice treble blessings here below,
 His happy hours shall sweetly flow
 In never-ceasing pleasure."

Lordings believe us, knaves abound
 In every place are flatterers found;
 May all their arts be vain!
 But chiefly from these scenes of joy,
 Chase sordid souls that mirth annoy,
 And all who with their base alloy,
 Turn pleasure into pain.

CHRISTMAS quaffs our English wines,
 Nor Gascoigne juice, nor French declines,
 Nor liquor of Anjou:
 He puts the insidious goblet round,
 Till all the guests in sleep are drown'd,
 Then wakes 'em with the tabor's sound,
 And plays the prank anew.

Lordings, it is our host's command,
And CHRISTMAS joins him hand in hand.

To drain the brimming bowl :
And I'll be foremost to obey,
Then pledge me, sirs, and drink away,
For CHRISTMAS revels here to day,
And sways without control.

Now WASSEL to you all ! and merry may ye be !
But foul that wight befall, who DRINKS not
HEALTH to me !

XLVIII.

LORD HENRY AND FAIR CATHERINE ;

OR,

The secret discovered too late.

IN ancient times, in Britan's isle,
Lord Henry was well known,
No knight in all the land more fam'd
Or more deserv'd renown,
His thoughts on honour always ran,
He never bow'd to love,
No lady in all the land had charms,
His frozen heart to move.

Midst all the nymphs where Catherine went,
 The fairest face she shows ;
 She was as bright as morning sun ;
 And sweet as any rose.
 Altho' she was of low degree,
 .She still did conquests gain ;
 For scarce a youth who her beheld,
 Escap'd her pow'rful chain :

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
 Her cheeks grew pale and wan ;
 For pining seiz'd her beauteous face,
 And every grace was gone :
 This sickness was to all unknown ;
 Thus did the fair one waste
 Her time in sighs, and floods of tears,
 Or broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she call'd aloud,
 " O ! Henry ! I'm undone !
 " O cruel fate ! O helpless maid ?
 " My love can ne'er be known.
 " But 'tis the fate of woman kind
 " The truth we must conceal ;
 " I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 " Ere I my love reveal."

A tender friend, who watch'd the fair,
To Henry hied away :
“ My lord, she cries, we've found the cause
“ Of Catherine's quick decay.
“ She in a dream the secret told,
“ Till now no mortal knew ;
“ Alas ! she now expiring lies,
“ And dies for love of you.”

The gentle Henry's soul was struck,
His heart began to flame :
“ O ! poor unhappy maid,” he cried !
“ Yet am I not to blame.
“ O ! Catherine ! too, too modest maid ;
“ Thy love I never knew,
“ I'll ease thy pain.”—As swift as wind,
To her bedside he flew.

“ Awake, he cried, thou lovely maid,
“ Awake, awake, my dear !
“ If I had only guess'd thy love,
“ Thou hadst not shed a tear.
“ 'Tis Henry calls ; despair no more ;
“ Renew thy wonted charms :
“ I'm come to call thee back from death,
“ And take thee to my arms.”

His words revived the dying fair,
 She rais'd her drooping head,
 And gazing on the long-lov'd youth
 She started from her bed,
 Around his neck her arm she flung
 In extacy, and cried,
 Will you be kind ! will you indeed,
 My love ! and so she died.

XLIX.

CADWALLO AND ELMIRA.

THE thorn, still springing with the flow'r,
 Is seen in blithest May ;
 And oft, too oft, a gloomy hour
 O'ercasts the brightest day.

Sweet was Elmira, peerless maid !
 As op'ning spring that blows ;
 And on her cheek were bright display'd
 The lily and the rose.

Of mighty chiefs, of noble race,
Full many a love had she ;
But, till she view'd Cadwallo's face,
Her virgin heart was free.

Fairest of all the Saxon train,
The nymphs Elmira crown'd ;
And first of Britain's valiant strain
Was fam'd Cadwallo found.

'Twas in a sad and luckless hour
That dire contention rose,
And call'd to arms the British pow'r,
And made the Saxons foes.

With steely squadrons shining bright,
While Medway's shore appears,
Cadwallo thro' the shades of night
His lov'd Elmira bears.

When as a cruel hostile band
Their bootless flight pursu'd ;
Resign'd to heav'n's almighty hand,
They plung'd into the flood.

The billows rose, the winds blew high,
And chang'd its peaceful form ;
While hover'd o'er with dismal cry,
The spirit of the storm.

Far off the elemental strife
 The weak Elmira bore :
 And cast Cadwallo, loathing life,
 Upon the naked shore.

The Britons these afford relief,
 But soothe the youth in vain ;
 A prey to heart-corroding grief,
 He quits the friendly train.

Nor arms amongst the martial host,
 The mourning chieftain bears ;
 But sighing for Elmira lost,
 To gloomy shades repairs.

No hermit of the lonely cell
 From lofty thoughts more free,
 Nor saints with solitude who dwell,
 Were more recluse than he.

And oft times by the babbling brook
 Contemplative he lay,
 And por'd upon some ancient book,
 Or sigh'd the hours away.

Now twice six times her blunted horns
 The waning moon renew'd,
 And the glad earth the sweet returns
 Of varying seasons view'd

When, as at noon, the sun blaz'd high,
Close standing by his side,
With pensive air, and down-cast eye,
A comely youth he spy'd.

And though he wont from human face
To fly with wild amaze,
Charm'd with some strange and unknown grace,
He stopp'd a while to gaze.

"What mak'st thou here, O youth," he said,
"Where sorrow seeks repose ?
"Art thou by faithless friends betray'd,
"Or fly'st from foreign foes ?

"Or for some maid with love and truth,
"Say, dost thou sigh in vain ?"
While thus he spoke, the fainting youth
Sunk prostrate on the plain.

His needful aid he hastes to give,
And opes the tighten'd vest ;
When Zephyr bade the fair revive,
Elmira rose confest.

'Twas she ! in more than wonted charms,
By rip'ning time array'd,
And sinking in his circling arms,
Cadwallo clasps the maid.

Sav'd from the storm by cruel friends,
 Foes to the man she lov'd,
 Her course thro' circling guards she bends,
 And thus her faith approv'd.

To-day she stands in man's attire,
 Fast by Cadwallo's side ;
 To-morrow, with a lover's fire,
 He clasps his blooming bride.

L.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

[Attributed to Mickle.]

O'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming,
 Rose the silver dawn of May ;
 Hostile spears, and helmets gleaming,
 Swell'd along the mountains gray.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
 Thro' the winding dales below,
 And the echoing hills rebounded
 The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs like torrents pouring,
Edwin's horsemen rush'd along ;
From the hills like tempests lowering,
Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
And the yew bows half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins round her weeping,
Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood queen Emma shrieking,
Ran between the dreadful bands.

Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
Bids you grasp th' unhallow'd spear ;
Heav'n detests the war fraternal ;
Oh, the impious strife forbear !

Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days !
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right ;
O, my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

Edgar, shall thy impious fury
 Dare thy guardian to the field !
 O, my sons, let peace allure ye ;
 Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

Hah, what sight of horror waving,
 Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear !
 Bring'st thou Denmark's banners, braving
 Thy insulted brother's spear ?

Ah, bethink how thro' thy regions
 Midnight horror fearful howl'd ;
 When, like wolves, the Danish legions
 Thro' thy trembling forests prowl'd.

When, unable of resistance,
 Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd—
 And shall Edwin's brave assistance
 Be repaid with Denmark's sword !

With that sword shalt thou assail him,
 From whose point he set thee free,
 While his warlike sinews fail him,
 Weak with loss of blood for thee !

Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
 And thy stern resolves forbear !
 Shall revenge thy councils darken,
 Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear !

Wisdom tells, and Justice offers,
How each wound may yet be balm'd ;
O, revere these holy proffers,
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

Oh, my sons—But all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more :
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows ;
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purpled bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air ;
And her hands, to heav'n extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.

Ah, my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood, she cried :
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—

From that blood around you streaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes ;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Muster round th' offended skies.

See what burning spears portended,
 Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
 Circling round you both, suspended
 On the trembling threads of air !

O'er you both heav'n's lightning vollics,
 Wither'd is your strength ev'n now ;
 Idly weeping o'er your follies,
 Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman
 O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
 Every hold and city storming,
 Every herd and field devour.

Ha, what signal new arising
 Thro' the dreadful group prevails !
 'Tis the hand of Justice poising
 High aloft th' eternal scales.

Loaded with thy base alliance,
 Rage and rancour all extreme,
 Faith and honour's foul defiance,
 Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam !

Opening mild and blue, reversing
 O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
 See the murky clouds dispersing,
 And the fertile show'r distils.

But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky ;
Thro' the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hell and magic pow'r,
Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.

" Cursed be the day detested,
" Cursed be the fraud profound,
" When on Denmark's spear we rested,"
Thro' thy streets shall loud resound.

To thy brother sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Hah, in settled darkness louring,
Now no more the visions rise !

But thy ranc'rous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar, loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk and died.

LI.

THE DEATH OF EARL OSWALD.

FAR shelter'd in a woody vale,
Close by a babbling flood,
For heav'nly contemplation meet,
A lonely cottage stood.

Brave Oswald, Scotia's warlike lord,
Unvanquish'd in defeat,
From all the horrid pomp of war,
There whilom sought retreat.

Not love of philosophic lore
Restrain'd the hero's rage;
Nor yet on want, or secret dread,
Or impotential age.

'Twas Lydia's matchless charms that found
With passion meek to move;
His breast, which dar'd full well to fight,
Yet knew as well to love.

Such beauteous bloom as crowns the May,
When vernal mornings break,
Suffusing spread its orient blush,
To tinge her damask cheek.

Long had the neighb'ring hamlets rung
With praises of the fair ;
Her charms had fill'd each swain with love,
Each maiden with despair.

Earl Oswald long had caught each tale,
The love-lorn lover he ;
At length in admiration vow'd
The lovely maid to see.

The maid, in whom the Graces vied,
The lily and the rose ;
And from whose mind benignly bright
Shone forth serene repose.

Leaving the soldier's rugged life,
He secret sought the vale ;
Where center'd all his future views
Of happiness or wail.

Let not th' impetuous warrior spurn,
Or deem the earl to blame ;
The hope that makes their fury blaze,
Gave ardour to his flame.

His pilgrim feet with weary tread,
 Now reach'd the long-sought place ;
 Where, in a shepherd's friendly guise,
 He veil'd his royal race.

Tending his flock with ceaseless care,
 Beneath th' umbrageous grove ;
 By kindly acts he often found
 To recommend his love.

His kindly acts bespoke him well,
 To please the gentle maid ;
 Who in a virgin's sole-fraught sigh,
 His manly warmth repaid.

But sure a virgin's sighs too dear,
 When bliss in love was woe ;
 Too dear th' extatic joy is bought,
 When fortune proves a foe.

As to th' accustom'd place they roam'd,
 All on a fatal day,
 Northumbria's troops, a warlike band,
 Swift came a crossing way.

With savage rage they strove to tear
 The maiden from his breast :
 His warlike arm thrice forc'd the band,
 He sunk in endless rest.

She scream'd aloud—the damps of death
Quick mantling o'er her cheek;
I come, my long-lov'd friend, I come,
Nor more could ever speak.

LII.

ELFRIDA, AND SIR JAMES OF PERTH.

WHERE Scone displays its moss-crown'd tow'rs,
That rise in solemn pride;
Where Tay in many a winding maze,
Conducts his limpid tide.

There liv'd a valiant hardy knight,
A knight of mickle fame,
The bravest of the northern chiefs,
Sir James of Perth his name.

Scarce twenty years had pour'd their bloom
Upon his youthful face;
His person was full meet to view,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace.

Whene'er he led his dauntless clan,
 Some rebel to confound,
 His glitt'ring blade mow'd down whole ranks,
 And dealt destruction round.

Each valiant chief, and wealthy laird
 To gain his friendship strove ;
 Each tyrant trembled at his name,
 Except that tyrant love.

For long he woo'd a tender lass,
 Elfrida of the vale,
 An equal flame the lass betray'd,
 And heard his am'rous tale.

A piercing glance her eyes did shoot,
 And ev'ry heart engross ;
 Full many a lover hopeless sigh'd,
 And eke Sir John of Ross.

His mind by sordid av'rice rul'd,
 No virtue e'er confess'd,
 Whilst ev'ry vice that blackens man,
 Reign'd lawless in his breast.

Oft did Sir John his passion urge,
 But fix'd the maid remain'd ;
 For Perth she kept her maiden vow,
 And plighted troth maintain'd.

Fir'd with disdain his bosom glow'd,
His eyes with choler bright
Darted revenge ; his soul employ'd
To slay the rival knight.

Elfrida's page, by money lur'd,
Her secrets to unfold,
In haste repair'd to John of Ross,
And joyful tidings told,

“ That young Elfrida, longing maid,
Appoints to meet her love,
When night begins to hold her sway,
And splendid stars to rove.

Where yonder tuft of fir-trees rise,
And lord it in the air,
Sir James of Perth, with many a vow,
Expects his blooming fair.”

“ And will they meet (then Ross abrupt)
This meeting is their last ;
If by my sword Perth doth not bleed,
May heav'n my body blast.”

Ten of his hardy clan he chose,
Then plac'd them in the shade ;
And he himself with purpose vile,
In secret ambush laid.

'Twas night: each whispering breeze was hush'd,
 The moon in argent robe,
 Diffusing glory on her throne,
 Illum'd the glowing globe.

Around the vast etherial lamp,
 Unnumber'd lustres shine ;
 The planets, tides of glory, blaz'd,
 And stamp'd the hand divine.

When lo ! the wish'd-for chief advanc'd,
 Elate with joy his mind,
 His soul in tender thoughts dissolv'd,
 And all to love resign'd.

Impatient of delay, Sir John
 Rush'd forward from the shade ;
 " Yield to our arms, thou dog of Perth,
 Renounce the peerless maid."

Swift from the sheath out flew the sword,
 That glitter'd at his side,
 " Perdition seize me if I do."
 The knight of Perth replied.

" I know thy voice, Sir John of Ross,
 And you my wondrous might,
 When in the van at Floddon-field,
 I dar'd the bleeding fight.

Now hand to hand let's here engage,
My single arm to thine,
Or I shall own thy hardy force,
Or thou shalt bow to mine.

Think not, Elfrida, I'll resign
Or tamely yield the prize,
Vanish the thought; for while I breathe,
I'll live but in her eyes."

Struck with his speech, the knight of Ross
His temper'd falchion drew;
To aid their laird against the youth
Sprung forth his servile crew.

But valiant Perth, by rage inspir'd,
His blows with fury dealt,
Till three, the bravest of his foes,
The deadly weapon felt.

Two more unlucky gallant wights
With crimson dy'd his sword;
But still he scorn'd ignoble blood,
And thirsted for their lord.

Whilst valour, dancing on his blade,
United force defied,
Behind him vilely stepp'd Sir John,
And pierc'd him in the side.

Fir'd with the base unmanly deed,
 Tho' rack'd with deadly pain,
 The youth attack'd the chief of Ross,
 And stretch'd him on the plain.

The purple gore rush'd out apace,
 And Ross extended fell ;
 His men, by favour of the night,
 Escap'd the hostile steel.

The victor, faint with loss of blood,
 His knees no more sustain ;
 He dimly eyes the varied light,
 Then sinks upon the plain.

Now arm'd with smiles, Elfrida parts,
 To meet her inmost soul,
 Her passions burn, her tender flames
 With rapid fury roll.

The scene of death at length she reach'd,
 And trembled at the view,
 She shudder'd at the streams of blood,
 And pale with horror grew.

Too soon she kenn'd the dismal news,
 Too soon perceiv'd the fray ;
 Her soul with inward horror bled,
 And all dissolv'd away.

Each lifeless corps she duly scann'd,
At each she sorely sigh'd ;
At last she saw Sir James of Perth,
And Ross adorn'd his side.

“ One parting look, ere veil'd in clouds
You fill the arms of death ;
Your lov'd, once-lov'd Elfrida calls ;
Regard her suppliant breath.”

The well-known voice awak'd the chief,
Just wing'd for endless night ;
The sound he heard with dawning glee,
And breath'd with new delight.

He op'd his eyes, which faintly shone,
And sigh'd ; he could no more :
Whilst fair Elfrida beat her breast,
And plaited garments tore.

Her dismal plaints, from woods and caves,
And hills and rocks rebound,
Whilst Perth, the lost, lamented Perth,
All nature's works resound.

Baring her bosom, white as snow,
Elysium heav'd confest,
Then snatch'd his sword, yet warm with gore,
And plung'd it in her breast.

“ And is it thus !” with many a tear,
 Exclaim’d the fair divine ;
 “ Not death shall tear thee from my arms :
 Sir James, I will be thine.”

Thus fell Elfrida, fairest flow’r
 That nature e’er brought forth ;
 Thus fell the Wallace of the age,
 The brave Sir James of Perth.

LIII.

HUNTING SONG.

[From “ Hunting, Hawking, &c. by Bennet Piers and
 Ravenscroft, 4to.]

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
 Sing merrily we, the hunt is up,
 The birds they sing,
 The deer they fling,
 Hey nonny, nony-no :
 The hounds they cry,
 - The hunters fly,
 Hey trolilo, trololilo,
 The hunt is up, &c.

The wood resounds
To hear the hounds,
Hey, nony nony no :
The rocks report
This merry sport,
Hey trolilo, trololilo
The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up.

Then hie apace
Unto the chace
Hey nony, nony-no
Whilst every thing
Doth sweetly sing
Hey trolilo, trololilo
The hunt is up, the hunt is up
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up.

LIV.

“ A PLEASANT NEW COURT SONG,

Betweene a young Courtier and a Countrey Lasse.”

To a new court tune.

[From a black letter copy, printed by the Assigns of Thomas
Symcocke.]

UPON a summer s time
 In the middle of the morn,
 A bonny lass I spied,
 The fairest ere was born,
 Fast by a standing pool
 Within a meadow green,
 She laid herself to cool,
 Not thinking to be seen.

She gather'd lovely flowers,
And spent her time in sport,
As if to Cupid's bowers
She daily did resort
The fields afford content
Unto this maiden kind,
Much time and pain she spent
To satisfy her mind.

The cowslip there she cropt,
The daffodil and daisy,
The primrose look'd so trim
She scorned to be lazy,
And ever as she did
These pretty posies pull,
She rose and fetch'd a sigh,
And wish'd her apron full.

I hearing of her wish,
Made bold to step unto her :
Thinking her love to win
I thus began to woo her,
Fair maid, be not so coy,
To kiss thee I am bent :
O fy, she cried, away !
Yet smiling gave consent.

Then did I help to pluck
Of every flower that grew,
No herb nor flower I miss,
But only thyme and rue,
Both she and I took pains
To gather flowers store,
Until this maiden said,
Kind Sir, I'll have no more.

Yet still my loving heart
Did proffer more to pull,
No, Sir, quoth she, I'll part,
Because mine apron's full.
No, Sir, I'll take my leave
Till next we meet again,
Rewards me with a kiss,
And thanks me for my pain.

SECOND PART.

It was my chance of late
To walk the pleasant fields,
Where sweet-tun'd chirping birds
Harmonious music yields,
I lent a listening ear
Unto their musick rare :
At last mine eye did glance
Upon a damsel fair.

I stept me close aside
Under a hawthorn briar :
Her passions laid her down
O'er-rul'd with fond desire.
Alack, fond maid, she cried,
And straightway fell a weeping,
Why sufferest thou thy heart
Within a false one's keeping.

Wherefore is Venus queen,
Whom maids adore in mind,
Obdurate to our prayers,
Or, like her fondling, blind :
When we so spend our loves,
Whose fond expense is vain :
For men are grown so false,
They cannot love again.

The queen of love doth know
Best how the matter stands,
And Hymen knows I long
To come within his bands.
My love best knows my love,
And love repays with hate,
Was ever Virgin's love
So much unfortunate.

Did my love fickle prove,
Then had he cause to fly,
But I'll be judged by love,
I lov'd him constantly.
I hearing of her vows
Set bashfulness apart,
And striv'd with all my skill
To cheer this maiden's heart.

I did instruct her love,
Where love might be repaid :
Could I, quoth she, find love,
I were an happy maid ;
I straight in love replied,
In me thou love shalt find,
So made the bargain sure,
And eas'd the maiden's mind.

LV.

VENUS'S SEARCH AFTER CUPID.

[From Lawes's Ayres, 1653.]

BEAUTIES, have ye seen a toy,
Called Love, a little boy ?
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind :
If he be amongst you, say,
He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
Shall to night receive a kiss,
How or where herself should wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss and another.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty,
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That brings shot (like lightning) in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath which though he clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lips, and heart,
But ne'er stay in any part:
And if by chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that outbrave
Dian's shafts; what if he have
Any head more sharp than other?
With that kiss he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood,
Nought but wounds his hands doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

Trust him not, his words though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet,
All his practice is deceit
Every gift it is a bait,
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign,
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have you think 'em joys ;
'Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him,
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now I hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' run-away.

LVI.

LOVE AND CONSTANCY,

A new Play-song.

[From a Royal Garland of new Songs, 12mo. black letter,
in the Pepys Collection.]

I NEVER saw her face till now,
That could my fancy move,
I liked and ventured many-a vow,
But durst not think of love,
Till beauty charming every sense,
An easy conquest made,
And shew'd the vainness of defence
When Phillis doth invade.

But ah, her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire,
And while in ice that frozen lies,
Her eyes dart only fire.
Between extremes I am undone,
Like plants to northwards set,
Burnt by too violent a sun,
Or cold for want of heat.

Twixt hope and fear I tortured am,
And vainly wish for ease,
The more I struggle with my flame,
The more it doth encrease.
I woo'd and woo'd to be released
From these soft chains I made,
But if I strive I'm more opprest
When Phillis does invade,

O cruel love, why dost thou deign
To wound me with such smart,
And not an equal shaft retain
To melt her frozen heart.
Or does she struggle with the flame
Victorious to be said !
For if she does, my hopes are vain
Though Phillis does invade.

LVII.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

[By Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning.]

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
 As I ungrateful Nanny do ?
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore ?
 Was ever broken heart so true ?
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
 Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay ?
 Or linger when she bid me run ?
 She only had the word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done :
 I always thought on her, but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day ?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay ?
 Though to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two :
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds in frost and snow ?
Have they not there from cold been free ?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan :
Oh, how those hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain ;
Sweet were the combs, as sweet could be,
But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
Full as they were I brought them home,
Her corn I carried to the mill :
My back did bear her sacks, but she
Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry, oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best :
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least :
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo ?
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas ! poor wretch, what shall I do
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring
 I'll hang me in her apron string.

LVIII.

S O N G.

[By Sir Robert Aytoun, Secretary of State during part of
 the reigns of William and Mary, and Queen Ann.]

WHAT means this strangeness now of late,
 Since time must truth approve ?
 This distance may consist with state,
 It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust
 That may such ways allow :
 The first is base, the last unjust ;
 Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
There needs not half this art :
And if you mean to have me gone,
You over-act your part.

If kindness cross your wish'd content,
Dismiss me with a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's spent,
The rest shall be my own.

LIX.

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK'S ADDRESS TO
QUEEN KATHERINE.

[From the scarce Romance of "Albion's Queene," 4to. 1601.]

"The Duke of Suffolke on the other side, as well furnished in all respects, nothing doubted the good successe of his adventure, being borne of a noble famelie valiant, and well exercised in the feates of armes, reputed for the goodlyest gentleman in the universall countrey of England: so laying aside his courtly delightes used in the blooming time of his youth, and putting on invincible, firme and approved magnanimitie of body, he came the nyght before the combat should be tryed to Queene Katherines chamber window, being both prisoners in one

Tower, nothing but a wall betweene their severall lodgings, where as the Duke of Suffolke sung these verses following."

REVENG^E, ring out thy knell, let truth appear
To change my bitter springs to waters clear :
Go pack, Despair, thy sight I do disdain,
My knightly deeds bright honour shall obtain.

Faint Fear, dislodge thee from my noble breast,
Thou art no friend of mine, nor wished guest :
For Coward Captain wins no stately forts,
Nor rotten bark arrives in pleasant ports.

Assurance tells the secrets of my heart,
That Falsehood shall receive his due desert,
Proud Envy then shall not obscure the light
Of Honour's brightness with his hateful spite.

Oh sacred heavens, accomplish my desire !
That I may quench the heat of Envy's fire ;
Whereby my sad and discontented mind
May gentle solace and sweet comfort find.

LX.

QUEEN KATHERINE'S SONG TO THE
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

GOOD luck conduct thy mind unto content,
To conquer him that is so lewdly bent,
To set derision 'twixt my lord and me,
In spoiling of my blooming chastity.

Stay stately pride, climb up thy steps no higher,
But soon disgorge thy hot ambitious fire,
For if queen Katherine ever lived so,
Let gravelled grave be cradle for her woe,

Suspicion leave to vex such worthy wights
Which spend their days in virtue's sweet delights,
Nor let the cruelty of spiteful foes
Plant up a dock, unroot a smelling rose.

Victorious pomp will shortly seek to crown
Thy princely brows with garlands of renown,
Which evermore shall spring and flourish green,
For thus defending of a wronged queen.

LXI.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE'S

Address to his Mistress.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born in 1612, and executed by order of the Republican Government, for treason against the state, in 1650. Clarendon says he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived. The following poem is taken from Watson's scarce collection of Scotch Poems, part 3, 1711.]

MY dear, and only love, I pray
This noble world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still,
And always give the law ;
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
Thou shun'st the prize so sore,
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dares to vie with me,
Or if committees thou erect
And goes on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of my word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before :
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee evermore.

SECOND PART.

My dear and only Love, take heed
Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
Beset without a door,
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like vollies shot,
Make any breach at all;
Nor smoothness of their language plot
Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wild fire, Love, consume
The shrine which I adore:
For if such smoke about thee fume,
I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise :
Which victuall'd by my love so long,
The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee ruled in that health,
And state thou was before,
But if thou turn a common-wealth,
I'll never love thee more.

But if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum ;
But hold my arms like ensigns, up,
Thy falshood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did,
When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire ;
And scorn to shed a tear to see
Thy spirit grown so poor,
But smiling sing until I die,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble stone,
The truth shall testify;
That every pilgrim passing by,
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue,
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store:
True love begun shall never end,
Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case:
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But look'd like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So sails thou every shore,
And leaves my constant heart behind
How can I love thee more!

My heart shall with the sun be fix'd,
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mix'd,
Delighting age in change.
Thy beauty shin'd at first most bright,
And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light,
I could love thee no more.

The misty mountains, smoky lakes,
The rocks resounding echo,
The whistling wind that murmurs makes,
Shall with me sing hey ho.
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes,
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle chaste and true
Her fellow's death regret,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate ;
So though thy faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about,
These monuments to view,
Whereon is written in and out,
Thou traitorous and untrue.
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
Alas ! he had too just a cause,
Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing goddess fame,
From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it to thy shame,
How thou hast loved me :
And how in odds our love was such,
As few has been before,
Thou loved too many and I too much,
That I can love no more.

THE END.

